A

WELSH STORY.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

In faith and hope the world will disagree;
But all mankind's concern is charity. POPE.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

A WELSH STORY.

CHAP. I.

"Oh come, and ſee the changes time has made."

IN ſix years the changes at Glendarran were various and important.

The Caſtle was inhabited by Sir Henry Llewellyn; *the ſame man whom we formerly deſcribed.* Lady Cecilia, his wife, now the mother of five lovely children, *was not the ſame woman*; for

ſhe was metamorphoſed from a fine lady to a rational being.

To diſcover the cauſes which produced this wonderful effect, might be very entertaining, and perhaps uſeful to a few individuals; indeed, it cannot be denied that there is in this kingdom a very numerous and reſpectable body of men who would be much indebted to any author who ſhould diſcover the ſecret for making wives rational. Yet as it would be attended with infinite danger, and, like all other noſtrums, frequently applied erroneouſly, I forbear to communicate it; influenced by a principle of benevolence to my fair countrywomen, and the knowledge that *men of ſenſe* have it already in their poſſeſſion.

The

The methods by which Sir Henry Llewellyn converted his wife from a thoughtleſs faſhionable young woman, to a rational being, were a little extraordinary, as the caſe required.

In their firſt effects, he was rather doubtful of their power, and obtained the common reputation of being a very *arbitrary, bad huſband*; it is true, he very ſeldom gave up his opinion, generally convincing his wife that it was perfectly juſt; and that too, "not "againſt her will," but ſo contrived it as to oblige her inclination to prefer what her reaſon approved.

But theſe are dangerous truths, and we forbear to produce more ſuch, leſt ſome fool (as may very poſſibly happen) who has a wife poſſeſſing more than ten times his portion of ſenſe,

ſhould, glancing his eye over theſe pages, and admiring the happy conſequences of ruling one, exemplified in the hiſtory of Lady Cecilia Margam, begin to try the ſame experiments, without any of the requiſites neceſſary to produce the ſame effects.

We ſhall therefore merely inform ſuch, for the benefit of themſelves and their wives, that it was in reaſon alone that Sir Henry Llewellyn diſplayed his ſuperiority; rendering it a bleſſing to his wife by its ſubſerviency to his judgment and affection.

A wrong education obſcured the brilliant talents and good underſtanding which Lady Cecilia really inherited from nature. Her governeſſes never taught her any thing but French, Italian, and a ſuperficial knowledge of

Engliſh

Engliſh grammar, and geography, which ſhe ſoon totally forgot. Theſe were rather favourable circumſtances in the opinion of a man of ſenſe; for though her underſtanding had not been improved, it had not been *perverted*; conſequently, when ſhe became his companion, ſhe acknowledged her own ignorance, and really began to lament it.

Had ſhe been a gentle, obedient ſcholar to her governeſſes, and implicitly ſubmitted to their opinions, inſtead of being a very affectionate wife, obedient ſcholar, and entertaining companion to her huſband, ſhe would have been at this period, and probably during her exiſtence, a prejudiced, bigotted, obſtinate, conceited fine lady.

At Glendarran Houſe lived the good, the amiable Lord Margam, and his beloved Euphemia. She, too, was the joyful mother of children, in educating whom, loving her huſband, and viſiting her family and friends, the progreſs of time was marked by pleaſure and improvement.

She had taſte to enjoy domeſtic pleaſures, ſenſibility to heighten them, and a rectitude of judgment, which led her to rejoice in the happineſs ſhe experienced, form a true eſtimate of its value, and to look with complacency on that hour when the pleaſures or the pains of this world would be alike unimportant.

Morlais Caſtle, the ſeat of a Welſh ſquire, who was now numbered with his anceſtors, had been purchaſed by Mr. Greville, who, believing his admi-

ration

ration for Charlotte Llewellyn founded on the enthuſiaſm of youth, reſolved to conquer what his reaſon condemned. Poſſeſſing ſenſe and virtue, reaſon ſoon got the better of love, and he determined in future to conſult only reaſon and prudence: experience will ſhow whether they were not as deceitful counſellors as love. He ſubmitted, however, to their dictates, and we ſhould hope was happy, *ſince he deſerved to be ſo.* Alas! the miſtakes of reaſon are not more entitled to our pity than the miſtakes of love; though cuſtom teaches us to reſpect the former and deſpiſe the latter. Superior to ſuch prejudices, we muſt ſhow that Mr. Greville's miſtakes, though proceeding (as all his miſtakes would have done) from a virtuous heart, entitle him ſtill leſs to our pity, than if he had been

the dupe of a natural attachment. He roſe, indeed, nobly ſuperior to love, which he believed would have enſlaved his better judgment; but his judgment was formed without due conſideration; the miſeries therefore which followed from his dependence upon it, entitle him juſtly to our condemnation, or to that pity only which benevolence indiſcriminately beſtows on error.

He fancied himſelf right in being guided by reaſon alone in the choice of a wife; he was convinced that all the happineſs this world can afford, was to be found in an union with a woman of good temper, plain ſenſe, and moderate abilities; ſuch an one he felt aſſured (from the goodneſs of his own heart) he could love.—He married Miſs Gunnings, *and was miſerable!*

Yet

Yet ſhe was exactly what he thought; a woman of good temper, plain ſenſe, and moderate abilities. His houſe was certainly the beſt conducted in the county; her management and economy were the admiration of all the dowagers in the neighbourhood. Every thing belonging to her was in ſuch exact order, that ſhe was eſteemed a paragon of neatneſs! She prided herſelf upon every accompliſhment which is generally included in the *duties of women*; in all which ſhe believed ſhe excelled to admiration. No one could poſſibly more quickly diſcern and ſeverely cenſure the failings of others, than ſhe did; nobody imagine they performed every duty more religiouſly—and yet, her huſband was miſerable!

He was not a father; a circumſtance which often afforded infinite pleaſure to Mrs. Greville, as ſhe viewed with horror Lady Cecilia's children romping on the beautiful furniture at Glendarran, or playing behind the curtains, to the great danger of crumpling the ſatin, or tearing the fringes: beſides which, they ran out of doors continually, and were taught by their father to employ and divert themſelves according as fancy directed them.

While Mr. Greville preſumed to approve of this, his wife was heartily rejoiced that there were *no ſuch doings at her houſe*, conſidering it as a *great bleſſing* that ſhe was not made *untidy*, and every thing in danger of being miſplaced by *noiſy brats*.

Her

Her ſiſter, Miſs Emma Gunnings, lived with her, and was—Miſs Emma Gunnings ſtill—a very genteel young woman!—exactly the ſame as ſhe had been for a dozen years, and we believe will for ever remain undiſtinguiſhed by any other epithet, excepting the omiſſion of the word *young*.

CHAP. II.

" There was an old woman liv'd under a hill,
" And if ſhe's not gone, ſhe lives there ſtill."

LADY Virgilia-ap-Howel had long bid defiance to the changes of time, as well as her neighbour, Lady Winifred-ap-Tagno. Six years therefore had little effect upon either their minds or perſons; they were preciſely *in ſtatu quo*, excepting that Lady Virgilia had been much agitated by the wars on the continent, and ſtill more by the landing of the French in Wales. She had ſtudied hiſtory again very minutely; and yet, notwithſtanding all the wars

ſhe

ſhe read of, and all the outrages which mankind has committed ſince the creation of the world, ſhe declared there was nothing to be compared to the preſent times.

Dr. Morgan had frequent diſputes with her on this important ſubject: but Lady Virgilia was one of thoſe perſons who imagine what they themſelves ſee ſurpaſſes every thing that ever was ſeen; declaring, that the Rape of the Sabines was nothing, compared to the outrages of the French. "The "Romans," ſhe would triumphantly exclaim, "*married the women!* but here "is neither matrimony nor any form "of devotion obſerved."

"Very true," Dr. Morgan would anſwer; "but I inſiſt upon it that lawleſs "banditti and lawful tyrants, ever ſince

" the foundation of the world, have
" committed outrages as great. What
" was *Herod*, and a hundred tyrants
" whom you read of in ſcripture?—
" What was Dionyſius?—What were
" the pious Druids, who ſacrificed gi-
" gantic pyramids of living victims?
" What was our virgin queen—what—
" What was the Inquiſition in
" Spain?

" Examine hiſtory, Madam; and of
" what uſe is it to you, if, in obſerving
" with pleaſure the improvements in the
" hiſtory of man, you do not diſcover
" that there is no crime however horri-
" ble, no outrage however atrocious,
" but what he has committed? Not
" the proud and ſavage lion, who, in
" hunting his prey, ſatisfies an impulſe
" of nature, ever committed ſuch bar-
" barity

" barity as man has done in the deſtruc-
" tion of his ſellow-creatures. Not all
" the monſters of the deep have, in
" preying upon each other, filled it
" with ſuch ſpectacles of horror, as
" when man, the tyrant of the earth,
" has ſent by thouſands the victims of
" his art and power, to become food
" for the fiſhes of the ſea.

" Look round the world, and you
" will diſcover man, the lord of the
" creation, and heir of immortality, in
" cruelty, injuſtice, and wickedneſs,
" proudly pre-eminent. Hear him
" boaſt of his reaſon—and ſee him
" commit actions for which he would
" curſe the beaſts of the field. If hu-
" manity ſhudders at this picture, be-
" hold with triumph, and rejoice with
" humility, that it is only by ſlighting

" or

" or perverting his noble faculty of rea-
" ſon, that he becomes thus degenerate
" and ferocious.

" Examine the catalogue of thoſe
" who have improved their nature by
" its powers, and ſubmitted to its guid-
" ance; peruſe their works, obſerve
" their peaceable and uſeful lives; and
" then ſhall you ſee man reſtored to
" his real ſuperiority, and filling the
" ſtation for which his Creator deſigned
" him.

" To conſider our own generation
" as more virtuous or atrocious than
" others, is the mere ſuggeſtion of ig-
" norance. Man and human nature
" have ever been the ſame; which is ſo
" plain a truth, that one ſhould think no
" rational being ever diſputed it—but

" pre-

" prejudice is very arrogant, and igno-
" rance very talkative.

" In proportion as reaſon predomi-
" nates in them, mankind are wiſe and
" virtuous."

This declamation prevented Lady Virgilia, at the moment, from making any reply or diſſertation on the degeneracy of the preſent times; ſhe therefore contented herſelf with thinking Dr. Morgan a very rude, tireſome, conceited fellow.

The only perſon who was originally introduced in this hiſtory, of whoſe fate we truſt our readers are anxious to be informed, is Charlotte Llewellyn.

Her journal, which was received by the ſiſter of her moſt uſeful friend, formerly mentioned, with other tokens of remembrance, after ſhe had been abſent

abſent from England nearly two years, will be the moſt ſatisfactory account of her; we therefore tranſcribe it, for the peruſal of thoſe who may have any curioſity on the ſubject.

THE JOURNAL OF CHARLOTTE LLEWELLYN.

"MY DEAR MRS. BARKER,

"THE affection which I ever entertained for you, and the obligations "I am under both to yourſelf and your "brother, induce me to inform you "minutely of every circumſtance which "has occurred to me ſince I ſaw you. "Being totally ignorant of the abode of "my dear brother and unfortunate ſiſter, I am further induced to ſend this "jour-

" journal to you, who will know how
" to convey it to them, together with
" the accompanying letters.

" I muſt ſuppreſs my feelings, when
" I mention Euphemia; it is the only
" ſubject for which reflection cannot
" afford me relief: I will therefore
" proceed in my narrative.

" On the tenth day after I em-
" barked, we came to an anchor in
" Cork harbour: as I know you will
" be anxious to hear every circum-
" ſtance relative to me, I will inform
" you—that a gentleman who was, like
" myſelf, a paſſenger to Ireland, paid
" me very particular attention; in
" ſhort, by ſome *uncommon fatality*, as
" he termed it, he fell violently in love
" with me--declaring, that he was ſo
" prepoſſeſſed in my favour, at firſt
" ſight,

" ſight, that he would have taken me
" for his wife on a few days acquaint-
" ance. As theſe inſtantaneous affec-
" tions ever appeared to me not only
" very unſtable, but very ridiculous,
" I laughed at his declarations, conſi-
" dering them as the mere effect of
" gallantry: but I was compelled to
" believe him in earneſt;—and muſt do
" him the juſtice to acknowledge, with
" gratitude, which his partial opinion
" of me entitles him to, that his gene-
" roſity and candour had a claim to a
" return which it was not in my power
" to make. I reſpected him too much
" to debaſe myſelf by accepting his of-
" fers, without that conſciouſneſs of
" love which only could reward him.
" I treated him with the ſincerity which
" I had been taught to admire, and

" which

" which my own reaſon leads me to
" practiſe. He ſaw that I was re-
" ſolved, and for a time forbore to
" importune me. A lady, of the name
" of Harrington, who, with her huſ-
" band, was going to Bombay, was
" extremely kind to me, and, on my
" telling her that I was going to meet a
" ſiſter whom I expected to find in
" very diſtreſſing circumſtances, kindly
" compaſſionated my unprotected ſitua-
" tion; offering to accompany me to
" Cork, where I told her I meant to
" take lodgings, as I did not exactly
" know where ſhe was, but thought it
" probable ſhe was either there or in
" Dublin. Her huſband attended us;
" and you may imagine my ſurpriſe
" when, on quitting the boat, the

" firſt

" firſt perſon I ſaw on the ſhore was
" Captain Wilſon.

" I immediately accoſted him: de-
" licacy cauſed them to walk forward,
" that I might converſe apart with a
" man whom they perceived from my
" confuſion I was intereſted about. I in-
" quired after Euphemia. He appeared
" very gay, and with the utmoſt polite-
" neſs aſked me if I was going to her. On
" my replying in the affirmative, he ſaid,
" that however happy he might be to
" ſee any of his wife's relations, he
" muſt inſiſt upon being maſter in his
" own houſe, and preventing any one
" from interfering with, or attempting
" to deſtroy his domeſtic happineſs.
" 'Sir,' ſaid I, calmly, 'I know not what
" has induced my ſiſter to marry you,

" or

" or how ſhe has been prevailed upon.
" All my intelligence comes from Mrs.
" Llewellyn. I know her art, and my
" ſiſter's inclination; I know that it
" could not be her choice to marry
" you; if you have been vile enough
" to accept her hand and fortune con-
" trary to it, you are entitled to a greater
" puniſhment than ſhe can inflict, or
" than human juſtice can enforce. But
" I muſt ſee her, and diſcover how ſhe
" may be rendered happy, though ſhe
" is unfortunate.'—' Upon my word,
" Ma'am,' ſaid he, ſmiling, ' you are a
" perfect philoſopher, as I always
" thought. I doubt not but you would
" very eaſily reconcile your ſiſter to the
" miſery of a fond huſband, and an
" honourable eſtabliſhment in life;
" perhaps, however, your plans may
" be

" be a little deranged, when I inform
" you that ſhe is at one of my country
" ſeats in the north of Ireland; and as
" you have already travelled ſo far, it
" may fatigue you to proceed two hun-
" dred miles. Beſides which, money
" is rather ſcarce, and the honour of
" young ladies a ſecurity on which few
" will venture much.'

" My contempt roſe ſuperior to every
" emotion which his ſpeech occaſioned;
" but the conſideration of his being my
" ſiſter's huſband, induced me to ſpeak
" to him again; and without expreſſing
" what I felt, I only ſaid, ' Sir, I ſhall
" be obliged to you if you will inform
" me where my ſiſter is; as I hope you
" will not forbid my ſeeing her.'—' Why,
" Madam,' replied he, ' I believe that
" a home would be particularly uſeful

" to

" to you at this time; and I know you
" to be a lady of ſo much taſte, that I
" am ſure my houſe would be perfectly
" agreeable to you. So that it is ex-
" tremely unfortunate that I do not
" chooſe to take you in, or to permit
" my wife to have any acquaintance
" with a fiſter who is diſcarded by her
" family, and has nothing to do but make
" miſchief between a very happy couple.
" I hope your voyage has agreed with
" you, Ma'am; I believe you had always
" a wiſh to ſee the world.'

" My paſſion could not be ſuppreſſ-
" ed, and I exclaimed involuntarily,
" ' Thou deteſtable wretch! enjoy
" thy brutal inſenſibility, for thy wick-
" edneſs convinces me that eternal juſ-
" tice can never permit villany to tri-
" umph for ever. I ſhall, indeed, re-

" turn; for to ſubmit to thy inſults,
" would be to increaſe thy power over
" my unfortunate ſiſter. Dread the
" vengeance which awaits thee, and
" know that the virtuous ſoul laughs at
" thy triumphs.'

" My mind being highly elevated by
" paſſion, an inſtantaneous calm ſuc-
" ceeded; I turned away from the man
" I deteſted, that he might not obſerve
" the tears which nature brought to
" my relief. I walked quickly to the
" boat, where Mr. and Mrs. Harring-
" ton joined me; I informed them as
" diſtinctly as my agitation permitted
" me, that my plans were altered by a
" converſation with my ſiſter's huſ-
" band, whom I had ſo unexpectedly
" met. My heart was too much af-
" fected to admit of any duplicity,

" which

" which would have been altogether
" unneceſſary, and injurious to my
" own character. I entered the boat,
" almoſt unconſcious what I was doing,
" and totally regardleſs of what I was
" going to do. When the Captain ex-
" preſſed ſurpriſe at our ſpeedy return,
" reflection enſued; but it brought
" no relief, when my choice was ſo re-
" ſtrained by circumſtances, as to oblige
" me to ſubmit to neceſſity. My bro-
" ther was the only friend to whom I
" could look for ſupport. His fortune
" was only a limited allowance from my
" father; and, had even inclination in-
" duced me to be dependent, generoſity
" forbad me to ſhare an income which
" perhaps on that very account might
" have been curtailed. For ſervitude
" I found my ſpirit unfit; yet deprived

" of a home, fortune, and friends, it " was my only reſource. I thought of " every ſituation in which it was poſ- " ſible I could procure a ſubſiſtence; " amongſt the reſt, the ſtage preſented " itſelf. Truſting that I could in all " ſtates ſupport myſelf with honour, it " appeared an eligible one; but I " doubted my abilities; while, above " all objections, the freedoms to which " I muſt unavoidably ſubmit, ſhocked " my delicacy, and I renounced the " idea.

" Alone and unprotected, miſtreſs " of my reſolutions, and obliged to de- " cide quickly, I determined to explain " my ſituation to Mrs. Harrington, " whom I believed to be a woman of " great ſenſe and benevolence; which " I accordingly did, with the minute-

" neſs

" neſs requiſite to enable her to exert
" her judgment properly, making every
" neceſſary reſerve.

" The kindneſs of her behaviour on
" this occaſion it is impoſſible to de-
" ſcribe; ſuffice it to ſay, that ſhe ad-
" viſed and entreated me to proceed to
" India, offering her protection and aſ-
" ſiſtance in a manner ſo flattering,
" that it was ſcarcely poſſible to heſi-
" tate accepting her generous offer a
" moment. I requeſted a few hours to
" conſider what I ſhould do, while ſhe
" withdrew, after the moſt flattering
" expreſſions of pity and affection, to
" inform her huſband and the captain
" of the veſſel, of ſo much of my ſtory
" as was ſufficient to excite their com-
" paſſionate attention. I contemplated
" my ſituation, and the ſituation of all

" dear to me. The whole world ap-
" peared to me alike full of danger and
" misery.

" I resolved to go to the East Indies.
" Mrs. Harrington had requested that I
" would not permit pecuniary distress
" to increase my fears, or influence my
" judgment. She was rich, and said
" she was so happy as to have a hus-
" band who delighted to assist the un-
" fortunate. I returned her my thanks
" for her generous proposals, in the
" terms of gratitude which they ex-
" cited; and when she entered, with
" her husband and the Captain, who
" approached to commiserate my situa-
" tion, and join their offers of protec-
" tion to hers, I accepted them in a
" manner which I found they de-
" manded. Mrs. Harrington said that

" she

" ſhe could amply ſupply the defici-
" encies of my wardrobe; and the
" Captain, who was a man of great
" goodneſs and humanity, not only in-
" ſiſted upon my conſidering myſelf as
" his gueſt, but ſeemed to vie with
" thoſe friends who induced me to ac-
" cept his protection, in treating me
" with reſpect and attention.

" The young man, who, indeed,
" appeared to poſſeſs every qualifica-
" tion for making a rational creature
" happy, on hearing that I was going
" with Mrs. Harrington to Bombay,
" remained on board till the Captain
" had tranſacted the buſineſs for which
" he went to Cork, and when he found
" that the wind was in a ſituation
" which gave us the promiſe of ſailing
" ſpeedily, requeſted me to grant him a

" few moments converſation; he availed
" himſelf of it, by ſoliciting me, with
" the fervency of a lover, to render him
" the happieſt of mortals, by devoting
" his life to the ſtudying my felicity.

" A ſentiment ſo tender was awoke
" by the idea that one ſo forlorn and
" deſtitute as myſelf, had the power of
" conferring happineſs on another, that
" reaſon had a hard taſk to diſcrimi-
" nate between the effuſion of grati-
" tude and the effect of love. Fortu-
" nately, however, I did make this
" diſtinction. I told him the ſituation
" of my heart, and that I was too mi-
" ſerable to become his wife with ho-
" nour. I felt that I could not love him
" as he deſerved, and told him that he
" was not aware that gratitude only
" could not make him happy. I ad-

" dreſſed

" dreſſed his reaſon; he at length re
" ſigned to the truth of my arguments,
" bleſſed me, and departed.

" For many days after we ſailed, the
" recollection of my friends, the un-
" certain ſituation of Euphemia, and the
" idea that every day and every hour
" ſeparated me farther, and perhaps
" eternally, from all whom I loved, oc-
" caſioned me miſery which I could not
" diſpel. Sea-ſickneſs prevented me
" from making any exertions, till re-
" turning health, and the unceaſing
" attention of my protectors, rouſed me
" to a ſenſe of duty: I ſaw the danger
" and fruitleſſneſs of indulging painful
" reflection; therefore uſed every poſ-
" ſible mean to divert it. Reaſon re-
" ſumed her reign; I became cheerful
" and reſigned, if not happy. It was

" my chief reſource to endeavour to re-
" gain my own happineſs by contri-
" buting to that of others: our parties
" were enlivened by rational converſe
" and reaſonable mirth; my compa-
" nions were good-humoured and ac-
" compliſhed, therefore our days fled
" away with a rapidity which fancy
" lent them.

" The Captain, who was fond of
" muſic, had a piano forte on board.
" I often played; for harmony was a
" cordial to my mind ſuperior to all
" others. Happy was it for me that I
" ſtudied muſic, not as an accompliſh-
" ment, but as a ſource of delight;
" light airs could not have revived my
" drooping ſpirit, nor was it capable
" of ſupporting that heart-moving har-
" mony which in my days of happineſs

" made

" made me gueſs what anguiſh was;
" but I played thoſe ſweet and ſoothing
" ſtrains which, charming the fancy,
" yet leave it free from all ideas but
" thoſe which kindred harmony awa-
" kens.

" They who are not ſuſceptible of
" the charms of harmony, or whoſe
" taſte is ſo ſophiſticated that they are
" inſenſible of its powers, may ſmile
" at my enthuſiaſm; I only wiſh I
" could impart to them a portion of
" the bliſs which I derive from it, when
" my 'attentive ſpirit,' freeing itſelf by
" its magic power, from every earthly
" idea, aſcends, in grateful rapture, to
" its Creator, who imparted to this na-
" ture ſuch a capability of having a
" foretaſte of the pleaſures of a future
" ſtate.

 " I found,

" I found, in my diſtreſsful ſituation,
" the ineſtimable value of a good edu-
" cation; mine had inſtilled princi-
" ples which no miſery could make me
" renounce: and by ſhowing me the
" utility of improving every faculty,
" and ſtudying to improve every mo-
" ment of time, habitual induſtry
" cauſed me to find, even in the moſt
" hopeleſs ſituation, duties to perform,
" and employments to exerciſe my
" mind, while they diverted my ſor-
" rows. My kind friend Mrs. Har-
" rington, as well as two other ladies
" who were going to Bengal, lent me
" their drawing materials, and I was
" delighted in poſſeſſing the power
" of repaying that civility, by making
" ornamental decorations for their
" houſes. The pleaſure of creating

" land-

" landſcapes, when the eye was fa-
" tigued by wandering over the bound-
" leſs ocean, is ſuch as none but ro-
" mantic imaginations can enjoy; it
" is not, however, leſs delightful. I
" thought on the ſcenes of my youth;
" I painted every beloved object round
" Glendarran, in every form in which
" fancy preſented it; leſt the images
" ſhould fade in my imagination. But
" memory is yet faithful; and, when I
" contemplate the ſcenes which it en-
" livened my hours of miſery to de-
" pict, recalls the occupations, the
" circumſtances, and the friends, which
" endeared them.

" We had a good collection of
" books. I read what I admired with
" increaſed pleaſure, and what I was a
" ſtranger to, with attention. I in-

" creaſed

" creaſed my knowledge; every day
" my mind became ſtored with ſome
" new reflection, ſome moral truth, or
" ſome uſeful leſſon.

" I found that to eſtimate good and
" evil properly, was the only way to be
" either wiſe or happy. I perceived
" that repinings in any ſtate were incon-
" ſiſtent with wiſdom and incompatible
" with religion. I felt the reality of
" virtue and the reward of fortitude.
" When I thought of my friends, I
" could not reſtrain my tears; but it
" was nature that wept: reaſon ſug-
" geſted, that, if they were afflicted,
" their nobleſt powers were called into
" action.

" I looked upon uninterrupted pro-
" ſperity as the greateſt trial of virtue:
" I rather rejoiced that I was exempted

 " from

" from a performance of the duties it
" impoſed; and though to do good
" is the higheſt pleaſure, yet ſo dif-
" ficult is it to perceive what is right,
" and ſo great the reſolution and
" judgment neceſſary to perform it,
" that I looked without envy on the
" ſtate of ſupine, enervating eaſe,
" which too often conſtitutes the hap-
" pineſs of the rich and the proſper-
" ous.

" I perceived that happineſs was at-
" tached to no ſtation—content, to no
" ſituation.

" Impelled by the deſire which con-
" tinually prompts every individual to
" endeavour to obtain them, I ſought
" for them, without lamenting that they
" did not exiſt in cauſes independent
" of myſelf. I experienced that reli-

" gious

" gious principles produced the nobleſt
" content, and conſtant employment,
" the ſureſt happineſs.

" My companions frequently told
" me, that I ſhould make my fortune.
" I knew what is commonly conſidered
" as ſuch, and that their hopes could
" not afford me any conſolation.

" The attentions of the captain of
" the veſſel were of a more peculiar
" kind than mere compaſſion excites;
" nor were they unobſerved by Mrs.
" Harrington; though he ſeemed very
" ſtudious to avoid every expreſſion of
" the partiality, which it was at length
" obvious he entertained for me.

" My matronly friend ſpoke ſeriouſly
" to me on the ſubject, remarking the
" delicacy of his ſituation, and the
" probability of his declarations as

" ſoon

" ſoon as we arrived at Bombay. I
" aſſured her that it would be matter of
" ſincere regret to find that I could not
" repay otherwiſe than by eſteem a man
" to whom I was ſo much obliged.
" Mrs. Harrington liſtened to my ob-
" jections, and commended my con-
" duct. Every day however brought
" freſh diſcoveries of his affection for
" me: they added to my diſtreſs,
" though their delicacy excited my ad-
" miration. However, I found it im-
" poſſible to love Captain ——, there-
" fore I behaved with all the circum-
" ſpection which I think delicacy and
" propriety demand towards a man
" whoſe love can be perceived, but
" not returned. I was indeed what the
" world calls friendleſs and deſtitute;
" but that did not appear to me a ſuffi-

" cient

" cient excuſe for making myſelf mi-
" rable; and to become the wife of a
" man whom I did not entirely love,
" I eſteemed an action equally degrad-
" ing and diſhonourable. It is true,
" that I feared leſt my principles and
" ideas ſhould, by rendering me ſo dif-
" ficult in the choice of a huſband,
" cauſe me to reject happineſs which
" it might have been prudent to be
" content with, and occaſion me hereaf-
" ter to imagine that *falſe refinement*
" had deprived me of rational comfort.
" However, I found that the affections
" of the heart do not entirely depend
" upon the will, and to make the for-
" mer ſubſervient to the latter was re-
" pugnant to my nature.

" Delicacy ſtrongly characterized
" Captain ——. I imagine that, with-
" out

" out ſeeming to intend it, he diſcover-
" ed my ſentiments of him; for his
" behaviour during our voyage, after
" we landed at the Cape, was leſs im-
" preſſive, though equally reſpectful.
" Nothing therefore interrupted the
" compoſure which my kind friend Mrs.
" Harrington, as well as her huſband,
" ſtudied to make me enjoy; but ſuch
" thoughts as neither reaſon nor imagi-
" nation could diſpel, increaſed, on our
" approach to a land where I ſhould be
" entirely dependent on their benevo-
" lence. They doubtleſs perceived
" this; nor was it poſſible to be inſen-
" ſible to ſuch delight as their conſe-
" quent behaviour occaſioned.

" As I do not mean to write a voy-
" age, I ſay nothing of the ſtorms and

" com-

" common occurrences in ours; leav-
" ing to your imagination my feelings
" when we departed from the ſhip,
" which, with all the paſſengers, except-
" ing Mrs. Harrington and a family of
" the name of Stafford, who ſtopped
" with us at Bombay, proceeded to
" Bengal. Our parting ſcene was truly
" an affecting one; for many kind af-
" fections had been awakened amongſt
" us. Imagine too my ſenſations, on
" entering a ſtrange ſociety, in a ſtrange
" land, oppreſſed by a conſtant ſenſe of
" obligation, which hope neither admit-
" ted that I could return, or relieve
" them from increaſing.

" The home of Mrs. Harrington was
" indeed literally mine; nor can any
" but a mind as delicate and as gene-
" rous form an idea of the pleaſures

" which

" which I derived from my dependence
" on her. We were immediately in-
" troduced, in the cuſtomary way, to
" the Governor, and received his viſit
" with the pleaſure which his appear-
" ance rather than his rank occaſioned.
" There was ſomething peculiarly ſen-
" ſible and intereſting in his counte-
" nance, which, added to the dignified
" eaſe of his manners, prepoſſeſſed us
" greatly in his favour. His known
" character confirmed the juſtice of our
" admiration, which every interview
" increaſed. Our viſits became fre-
" quent, and his particular notice of
" me very flattering.

" The attentions of ſuch a man
" could not fail of being gratifying to
" any one; his worth excited my high-

" eſt

" eſt eſteem; and, before I was ſenſible
" of it, my love.—What then was my
" gratitude, my happineſs, when at
" length I diſcovered that I had en-
" gaged his tendereſt affections!—
" Such was, however, after we had
" been three months in India, the bliſs
" which I had to communicate to my
" kind protectors. They were then
" informed by him of his intentions;
" and, ſuffice it to ſay, to relieve you
" from ſuſpenſe, were the joyful wit-
" neſſes of my marriage with Mr.
" Leſlie.

" I reſolved not to write to my doubt-
" leſs anxious friends in England, till I
" could inform them of this period to
" my *adventures*. The ſtate of my
" mind, when firſt I arrived in India,

" pre-

" prevented me from ſending ſuch an
" account as could have been ſatisfac-
" tory, and I accordingly reſolved to
" avoid adding to their ſolicitude, by
" communicating any thing but hopes
" for my future happineſs, which, not-
" withſtanding Mrs. Harrington's kind-
" neſs, I certainly could not then enter-
" tain.

" I now write to my invaluable bro-
" ther, and preſent him with a minute
" account of my acquaintance with
" Mr. Leſlie, which can only be inter-
" eſting to hearts as ſympathetic as his.
" Many, I truſt, will be pleaſed to find
" that I conſider myſelf the happieſt of
" women. My anxiety to hear from
" any of my Engliſh friends muſt be
" too apparent to require my making

" the

" the requeſt to thoſe I love; amongſt
" whom, believe that you, my dear
" Mrs. Barker, hold a very diſtin-
" guiſhed place in the heart of your
" grateful and happy

" CHARLOTTE LESLIE."

Letters to her brother, ſiſter, Lady Cecilia *Margam*, and all her particular friends, accompanied this; with one to her father, and another to Mrs. Llewellyn; which being the only one that can diſplay her character in a new light, we will content ourſelves with giving.

" MADAM,

" MADAM,

" WHEN the events which in their " immediate effects we conſider as the " greateſt evils, are productive of the " greateſt good, their cauſes ought to " be regarded with gratitude. Of this " kind was my diſmiſſion from my fa- " ther's houſe; the grief of which is " abſorbed in the happineſs which its " conſequences have ſecured to me.

" The idea of having performed an " unjuſtifiable action muſt ever deſtroy " the peace of a reflecting mind; " therefore I have written to my father, " to endeavour to relieve him from the " remorſe which I fear his haſty con- " duct muſt occaſion. I beg that you " alſo will accept my moſt cordial for- " giveneſs for contributing to my for- " mer miſery.

" Of my ſiſter I will not ſpeak,
" becauſe I am unwilling to condemn
" without ſufficient evidence. I ſin-
" cerely hope that ſhe may have the
" ſame cauſe to forgive every human
" being as I have, yet I can ſcarcely
" hope it; however, reflection brings
" me the bright idea, that the virtuous
" ſoul ſhall inherit an everlaſting por-
" tion of happineſs. It is a belief
" which was inculcated in her mind
" as a reſource from earthly misfortune,
" and I truſt ſhe has not renounced it.
" I beg to be kindly remembered to
" your daughters, requeſting that they,
" with yourſelf, will accept the accom-
" panying trifles as a token of remem-
" brance from

" CHARLOTTE LESLIE."

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

" Though fools ſpurn Hymen's gentle powers,
" They who improve his golden hours
" By ſweet experience know
" That marriage, rightly underſtood,
" Gives to the tender and the good
" A paradiſe below." COTTON.

IT has, I believe, ever been found, that an exceſs in generoſity was deſpiſed by thoſe who were totally deficient in it themſelves; and that the avaricious mortal who was rewarded with kindneſs for injuſtice, could never endure the ſuperiority which it could not attain; conſequently the effect which this letter produced, may be anticipated by the ſagacious reader.

Totally devoid of every generous, every humane principle, Mrs. Llewellyn's hatred of Mrs. Leſlie was greatly increaſed by this proof of goodneſs and generoſity; ſhe returned no anſwer, deſiring her daughters to do the ſame, which well accorded with their own inclination.

The man who could for any cauſe deſert an unprotected daughter, may juſtly be declared deſtitute of every principle of juſtice and humanity. Mr. Llewellyn's were not increaſed by a conſtant attendance at the gaming-table, where his wife proved a very important partner. Their ſkill and prudence were ſo great, that between acquiring the one, and practiſing the other, they had little leiſure for reflections on the duties of parents,

parents, and ſtill leſs inclination to perform them.

The joy which Charlotte's friends experienced on the receipt of her letters, may be imagined; all to whom they were addreſſed, excepting her *father and mother*, immediately replied to them, in ſuch a manner as their affection and ſympathy inſpired. Lady Cecilia's being the only one which we have had an opportunity of preſenting, ſince ſhe became a wife and a mother, ſhall be given.

"My dear Charlotte,

"The idea of the joy which your "letters occaſioned us, can only be "imagined by the compariſon with "what you will feel when you receive "the account of the ſituation of your

" ſiſter, and all dear to you. Oh,
" Charlotte! what a meeting will ours
" be—how changed from what we were
" when laſt we parted! changed in
" every thing but thoſe affections of the
" heart, which, though now divided by
" new connexions, will, I truſt, for ever
" unite us in one indiſſoluble bond of
" love and friendſhip. My heart is
" ſtrangely engroſſed by duties and cares
" which I once little thought included
" in the catalogue of pleaſures; but I
" have been your brother's wife two
" years, and begin to find that all the
" pleaſures of the world are nothing
" compared to the love and ſociety of
" ſuch a huſband and ſuch children as
" I am bleſſed with. Nothing could
" increaſe my felicity but to hear that
" you are likewiſe a wife. I was once,

" Charlotte,

" Charlotte, a ſtrange mortal, as I re-
" collect to my confuſion; but all in
" good time.—I'm a little queer yet,
" therefore I will not begin to preach
" too ſoon; for nothing, I believe, can
" ever make me wiſe for a day together,
" though my huſband, dear ſoul, gives
" me all the encouragement in the
" world, telling me by way of compli-
" ment, that he really believes I ſhall
" rival Lady Winifred-ap-Tagno as a
" good woman, when I am her age.
" Now I don't know how it is, but it
" certainly does give me more pleaſure
" to hear my little Henry try to ſpeak,
" and your lovely nameſake ſtrum on
" the keys of the harpſichord, than ever
" I felt at all the plays or operas I
" was at. Routs would now be inſuf-
" ferable to me, if they took me from

" the delightful rout which my little
" niece and my brats make in the nur-
" ſery. What would I not give to ſee
" you ſeated by Euphemia and me,
" who ſpend hours every day in per-
" forming the duties of mothers, and
" playing with our dear children, for
" whoſe ſakes I am ſtriving to correct
" every error which I diſcover in myſelf,
" that I may be capable of aſſiſting their
" father, from whom I derive all the
" knowledge I poſſeſs, to lead them into
" the path of wiſdom and rectitude.
" Theſe are ſerious ſtudies, my dear
" Charlotte. How mothers can be
" thoughtleſs, I know not. I find that
" it is only when we are all children
" together (which does ſometimes hap-
" pen) that I can forget the ſacred taſk,
" which to perform the duties of a mo-

" ther,

" ther, it is neceſſary for me continu-
" ally to ſtudy. To deſcribe the ten-
" derneſs, the unvarying kindneſs, the
" indulgence, and the forbearance of my
" huſband, defies language. You are
" his ſiſter, therefore I need not paint
" his virtues to you; and you are
" now, Heaven be praiſed, a happy
" wife—but to ſuch a man as your bro-
" ther! no, Charlotte, that is quite im-
" poſſible. Tell me, however, in an-
" ſwer to my fond hopes, that he is as
" like him as any man can be. Is he
" handſome? is he young? is he——but,
" in ſhort, tell me exactly what kind of
" man he is, and tell him I will love
" him dearly, if he is either like his wife
" or his brother. I know very well
" that you'll laugh at me if I tell you
" how beautiful my children are, for

"Sir Henry ſays I talk like a fooliſh mo-
"ther, whenever I mention them; but
"how can one help it, when one's huſ-
"band is the handſomeſt man in the
"world, and one's children really the
"moſt beautiful little creatures that ever
"were ſeen?

"I will not ſay farewell, as I ſhall
"write to you continually, ſo now
"leave the reſt to inform you all the
"news at this time. Moſt fervently,
"my dear Charlotte,

"Your affectionate ſiſter,

"Cecilia Llewellyn."

To this we will ſubjoin Mrs. Leſlie's anſwer, in hopes that ſome readers may be as much entertained with the correſpondence of wives and mothers, as any other

other kind of love tales, more faſcinating, perhaps, and more dangerous.

" My dear Sister,

" The bliſs which I experience on " addreſſing you as ſuch, I have at- " tempted to expreſs to your ineſtimable " huſband; nor is it a delight which " can ever be leſs exquiſite than in that " rapturous moment when I firſt re- " ceived the knowledge of your mutual " happineſs. Knowing and loving you " both as I do, I congratulate you reci- " procally, perceiving the everlaſting " benefits of ſuch an union to yourſelves " and your children. To your inquiry " reſpecting my huſband, I ſhall per- " haps reply in a manner that will diſ- " appoint you, as you doubtleſs expect

" to be informed that he is young,
" handſome, accompliſhed, and, in a
" word, *every thing*. Now, don't be
" diſappointed, becauſe he certainly has
" been all this, and is to me every thing:
" nor am I ſingular in thinking that no
" man can ſurpaſs him in wiſdom and
" goodneſs. You will have learnt that
" he is not young, and perhaps may
" ſmile when I tell you that it is a cir-
" cumſtance which increaſes my felicity.
" You may have heard me advance
" ſingular opinions on this ſubject be-
" fore; ſingular I believe they are, as I
" never found but one ſingle woman,
" and one happy wife, who would join
" me in preferring old men to young
" ones; however, I ſpeak moſt ſeri-
" ouſly when I ſay that ſuch always was

" my

" my opinion; and as no young man
" could ever induce me to change it, I
" have been fortunate to meet with a
" huſband who has confirmed me in its
" juſtice. Youth ever appeared to me
" as the moſt undeſirable portion of
" life. The frivolity, the ignorance of
" the generality of young men, are moſt
" lamentable; and the conceit of thoſe
" who poſſeſs ſuperiority of intellect, is
" frequently very diſguſting and offen-
" ſive. Knowledge and experience are
" requiſite to give truth to opinion;
" and an acquaintance with human na-
" ture (which brings the painful con-
" viction of the folly and weakneſs of the
" wiſeſt and the beſt,) to give candour to
" virtue: time and examination are ne-
" ceſſary to add uniformity of conduct to
" rectitude

" rectitude of judgment. How is
" it then that youth is eſteemed
" the happieſt period of life? Surely
" that choice can never be juſtified by
" reaſon, which prefers the companion
" who has yet his principles, his opi-
" nions to form, and his nature to cor-
" rect, to him who has acquired all the
" ſtability of virtue which a human be-
" ing can attain; and who, in being
" 'a guide, philoſopher, and friend,' is
" ſecure in wiſdom and conſiſtency
" from leading the truſting and believ-
" ing object of his care into folly and
" error.

" Think not, however, that I am ſo
" fooliſh or ſo pedantic as to exclude
" young men from the poſſibility of be-
" ing advantageous companions through
" life.

" life. Nor muſt you interpret my own
" preference of thoſe who have paſſed
" the fiery ordeal of youth, to an inſi-
" nuation that young men *cannot* be
" wiſe. Your huſband is a ſtriking in-
" ſtance that ſome *are ſo*; which is a
" truth I have ſeen very pleaſing in-
" ſtances of: but I always pitied young
" men, who, with however ſuperior abi-
" lities, have been conſidered by their
" greateſt admirers, as poſſeſſing no
" right to be important till age had
" given them a licence to be ſo. It is
" well known that a diſplay of know-
" ledge in young men, is not much ad-
" mired in polite ſociety; nor merit very
" frequently diſcovered in youth, with-
" out being pronounced *very aſtoniſhing*.
" Profeſſions are doubted and actions
" miſcon-

" miſconſtrued; time only can diſcover
" the real character, by removing the
" veil which prejudice ſpreads over the
" virtues of the young. Thus, how-
" ever, I could diſcover merit in all
" ages; yet I conſider myſelf happy that
" my huſband is arrived at a period when
" his character and wiſdom is aſcer-
" tained, and the object of his choice is
" that of his conſtant affection.

" Two months ago I had the bliſs of
" becoming a mother, and of increaſing
" the happineſs of my incomparable
" huſband, by preſenting him with a
" lovely boy. I imagined that nothing
" could increaſe our felicity, but I find
" that none but a mother can eſtimate
" the pleaſures of one.

" I muſt haſten to conclude my packet,

" or my felicity is a ſubject which I ſhall
" dwell on till reflection produces folly.
" I did think that extreme affection
" would ſubſide into that dull ſerenity
" which different judgments to mine
" admire; or rather, I feared it; but I
" am happy in proving, that virtuous
" affection increaſes in proportion to the
" acquaintance with the merit that ex-
" cited it, and that love which is found-
" ed on the virtues of the object, defies
" the changes of time, when it ſettles in
" a reflecting mind.

" I do not mean to plead any excuſe
" for loving my huſband, as he deſerves
" to be loved ſo well; and however ro-
" mantic my affection may be, it pro-
" duces ſuch a kind of happineſs as I fear
" few couples enjoy.

" In

"In four years we ſhall quit India for "ever. The joyful idea of ſeeing you "all again, and of ſpending the remain- "der of my days in my dear native "country, is the greateſt increaſe of my "preſent felicity which it could poſſibly "receive. You know that I never de- "ſpair; therefore I forget the time which "muſt neceſſarily elapſe, to indulge the "expectation that we ſhall meet, and it "will appear but as a dream. Nothing "now allays the promiſed pleaſure.

"My babe is impatient to come to its "mother. I come, my dear child! and, "oh, may thoſe I love experience the "rapture of ſuch a ſummons!

"Adieu, adieu: believe me ever with "the ſincereſt regard and affection,

"Your moſt obliged

"CHARLOTTE LESLIE."

Various

Various letters of a ſimilar kind, intereſting perhaps only to thoſe to whom they were addreſſed, were conſtantly exchanged by that part of the Glendarran family, whoſe affection did equal honour to their hearts and underſtandings. Some of a more ſerious nature, written by Mrs. Leſlie, when ſhe had been a wife five years, may not be unintereſting to thoſe who are anxious to collect from every different opinion on the ſubject of the duties which the character includes, ſuch inſtruction as appears conſiſtent with right reaſon, and contributing to individual happineſs and general utility. For this reaſon the following letter is given.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

" Wiſdom and virtue combating together,
" If that the former dares but what it can,
" No power can ſhake it."

Mrs. LESLIE, *to her Siſter, Lady* CECILIA LLEWELLYN.

" MY DEAR SISTER,

" THE ſatisfaction which I derive " from my correſpondence with you, is " greatly enhanced by every letter which " I receive from you. The regret which " you expreſs concerning your own de- " ficiencies, can only be entertained by " yourſelf,

" yourſelf, and only conſidered as the
" effect of increaſed wiſdom.

" The happy uſe which you make of
" your underſtanding, affords the ſin-
" cereſt delight to all who are intereſted
" in your welfare; and the ſenſe of ob-
" ligation which you expreſs towards
" your huſband, does infinite credit to
" it. I do not conſider his being my
" brother as a reaſon why I ſhould deny
" his merit, or withhold my admiration
" and eſteem: he is well entitled to all
" I can entertain. That you married
" him, I rejoice not more on his account
" than your own; and withhold not my
" ſatisfaction from you, who, I per-
" ceive, are equally ſenſible of your own
" happineſs. Different ſubjects for
" correſpondence now, my dear Lady

" Cecilia,

" Cecilia, appear intereſting to us
" than what ſupport the friendſhips of
" young ladies. Still they relate to
" ourſelves, and our own happineſs;
" however, it is no longer an individual
" concern, nor unimportant to ſtudy to
" preſerve it. Our huſbands may be as
" good a ſecurity for it as any woman
" can poſſeſs; but happineſs is not to
" be ſecured by confident indolence, or
" any thing, I believe, in a married
" ſtate, but mutual affection and
" attention. As mothers, our en-
" deavours to preſerve our own happi-
" neſs, become not only rational, but
" obligatory, as including that of our
" children. When you perceive how
" ſacred the duties I am now endeavour-
" ing to perform, appeared to me, you

" will

" will not wonder that I was never very
" anxious to engage the affections of
" ſuch men as ſome who are infinitely
" my ſuperiors condeſcend to accept.

" With ſuch qualities and perfections
" as I conſidered abſolutely requiſite in
" a huſband, how fortunate was I then
" to obtain one who ſo much ſurpaſſes
" my expectation! There are fools, you
" know, of all ages; and huſbands worth
" obtaining are rather ſcarce, as well as
" a good deal in demand; therefore, to
" tell you the truth, my dear Lady Ce-
" cilia, I looked upon it as a certainty
" that one would never come to my
" ſhare, and more eſpecially one who, at
" an age I thought preferable, could en-
" gage my tendereſt affections; for the
" obſtinacy and prejudices of the old are

" not

" not very agreeable, and of two fools,
" I would have chofen a young, rather
" than an old one. How happy then am
" I, let me again repeat, that I gained a
" huſband free from both, whom I per-
" fectly eſteem, and entirely love. No-
" thing could have induced me to enter
" into the moſt trying and important
" ſituation, without ſuch a foundation
" for making it the happieſt; as it ad-
" mits of no gradation, in my opinion,
" between that and the moſt mi-
" ſerable.

" Some, as I have heard, make it an
" argument againſt unequal unions
" with reſpect to age, that the painful
" idea of being the ſurvivor of thoſe
" who truly love, muſt deſtroy happi-
" neſs. The uncertainty of life makes
" this

" this at leaſt but a fooliſh argument;
" and the great diſproportion of the
" chances for a woman's life to any
" man's, renders it an unjuſt one;
" therefore it is not leſs weak than pre-
" ſumptuous. Beſides which, pleaſure
" is ſo nearly allied to pain, and the
" moſt exquiſite pleaſures of which the
" mind is ſuſceptible, are ſo connected
" with it, that the idea of the impoſ-
" ſibility of enjoying the one without
" the other, is become proverbial; and
" the fear of loſing a good, is ever found
" to enhance its value, even by thoſe
" who never examined cauſes. Thus,
" though reaſon forbids me to indulge
" ſuch a thought, or admit its certainty,
" nature ſometimes intrudes a ſuggeſ-
" tion of the probability of our ſepara-

" tion, and the moſt exquiſite and ten-
" der affection is perhaps cemented by
" this fear. Love, I believe, cannot
" exiſt independently of it; but my huſ-
" band and I indulge only ſuch as may
" correct, without deſtroying, earthly
" felicity. It has been the ſtudy of
" his life to perform the duties of a
" man. I do not expect him to be
" free from the faults of one, though
" my underſtanding could never yet
" diſcover them. Affection perhaps
" renders me blind, though, as it has not
" the ſame effect on him, I conclude
" that the ſuperiority of his perfections
" is real. He is kind to my failings; and
" by his example I learn to correct
" them: but what can expreſs his in-
" dulgence, his encouraging opinion of
" me!

" me! affection ſo uniform, proceeding
" from the goodneſs of his own heart,
" and the rectitude of his underſtand-
" ing; not the capricious fondneſs which
" ſome call love, but that rational
" manly tenderneſs which I always
" hoped a huſband would entertain for
" me.

" The ſubject is a faſcinating one
" to me; I muſt quit it, though not
" without ſaying I am happy that he
" permits me to devote as large a por-
" tion of my time as I think neceſſary
" to my children, and unites with me in
" conſidering it a duty. I may tell you
" without a mother's blind partiality,
" though not without a mother's pride,
" that they are beautiful. My eldeſt
" boy and girl make me repeat the

" ſtories which you ſend me of their cou-
" ſins, continually. You only, who are a
" mother, can eſtimate properly the de-
" light which I experience in marking
" the growth of thoſe affections which I
" ſtudy to cultivate. There is ſuch a
" wonderful portion of tenderneſs in the
" infant mind, that I have ever be-
" lieved a deficiency in education alone,
" occaſioned the depravity of mankind:
" notwithſtanding individual exceptions,
" I think ſo ſtill. Gentleneſs and the
" warmeſt affections are not incompa-
" tible with the firmneſs and inflexibi-
" lity which conſtitute a great charac-
" ter; or rather, they are the nobleſt
" parts of it. Gentleneſs and good af-
" fections, however, are not frequently
" the ſpontaneous production of the
" human

" human mind, but the tenderneſs
" and ſuſceptibility of youth render
" their culture very eaſy to a ſkilful
" hand.

" How often did I contemplate with
" delight and attention Mr. ——'s fa-
" mily!—a father conſtantly cheerful,
" and politely attentive to a wife, whoſe
" temper and genius made his home an
" unvarying ſcene of rational happineſs,
" poſſeſſing abilities adequate to the
" difficult taſk of educating his chil-
" dren, to whom his own conduct of-
" fered the nobleſt leſſon; a mother,
" whom his example, and the ſweet-
" neſs of her own diſpoſition, rendered
" their conſtant companion, friend, and
" inſtructor; enlivening their hours of
" mirth by her condeſcenſion, directing

" their genius, and, having ſtudied
" chiefly to improve herſelf, capable of
" performing aright the hardeſt duties
" of a mother. The kindneſs and at-
" tention which their children ſhowed
" each other, were as uncommon as the
" mutual attention of their parents.
" Little diſputes and diſagreements
" amongſt the youngſters were recon-
" ciled in ſo delightful and inſtructive a
" manner, that, inſtead of being diſ-
" treſſing, they were gratifying ſcenes to
" thoſe who accidentally witneſſed
" them. In ſhort, the virtues and well-
" regulated conduct of theſe parents
" ſeemed to me the ſecurity for the vir-
" tues of their children : experience has
" in this inſtance verified my prognoſ-
" tications.

" The

" The account which you give me of
" the behaviour and diſpoſitions of the
" elder part of their family, is exactly
" what I ſhould have expected to find,
" after an abſence of ſix years. The
" effect of parents being as perfect pat-
" terns of goodneſs as poſſible, was per-
" ceived by me in my acquaintance
" with that family, as ſoon as I
" was capable of reaſoning; and
" the importance of a woman ac-
" quiring the knowledge and virtues
" neceſſary to become a good wife and
" a good mother, ſo great, that how
" any could, who poſſeſſed common
" prudence, undertake the part without
" ſtudying the character, appeared to
" me aſtoniſhing.

" Now I am a wife and mother, my

" ſurpriſe is greatly increaſed; for to
" be ignorant, now appears to me
" not only folly, but a crime. If I
" had not a huſband whoſe judgment
" is equal to his underſtanding, I ſhould
" be for ever doubtful of my capability
" of diſcharging my duties aright; there-
" fore the importance of a prudent
" choice is more than ever apparent to
" me. How people of ſenſe can deny
" the utility of women acquiring know-
" ledge, I know not; for I perceive
" that it requires the moſt profound de-
" gree to be either a good wife or a good
" mother.

" Surely it is, or ought to be, the chief
" ſtudy of life, to perform the duties of
" whatever ſtation we are placed in:
" well-regulated diſpoſitions alone can

" make

" make us discharge them punctually;
" but knowledge is certainly equally
" essential in all situations.

" The greater portion of knowledge
" we obtain, the more must we discover
" our own errors, the oftener detect our
" obstinacy, and blush for our prejudices:
" consequently the more free must we be
" from vanity and self-conceit.

" The more capable we are of ad-
" miring the great book of nature, the
" more disposed must we be to adore
" and admire the infinite wisdom, power,
" and goodness of its Divine Author.
" The mind accustomed to contemplate
"whatever is good and fair in creation,
" soon begins to exert in itself those
" qualities which it finds congenial to

" this general harmony: as an ill-tem-
" pered perſon introduced into a ſociety
" where all was harmony, would, if he
" were capable of admiring it, ſoon
" grow aſhamed of his own defects,
" and, by aſſuming an air as like them
" as poſſible, endeavour to gain their
" good opinion.

" Juſt ſo it is with regard to the hu-
" man ſoul. No ſooner does it con-
" template in reality the goodneſs of its
" Creator, in the beauty and univerſal
" order and harmony of all his works,
" than it mourns for the diſcord which
" ſin hath made in this excellent crea-
" tion, and feels *that true humility* which
" a conſciouſneſs of imperfection muſt
" bring to every human being who con-
" ſiders the wiſdom of its Creator, the
" excel-

" excellence of the faculties he beſtowed
" upon us, and the defects of our ap-
" plication of them.

" It is often ſaid, that thoſe who poſ-
" ſeſs knowledge in any ſuperior de-
" gree are very conceited, pedantic,
" and unpleaſant companions in com-
" mon life.

" I confeſs, that thoſe who *affect* to
" poſſeſs knowledge, or who poſſeſs per-
" haps a very profound degree of ſome
" particular kind, accompanied by ge-
" neral ignorance, are very frequently
" ſo: but I deny that this is the effect
" of a real poſſeſſion of knowledge.

" If we had either power or op-
" portunity to examine the real ac-
" quirements, information, and know-
" ledge, which many poſſeſs, who

" are conſidered as very wiſe people, I
" am inclined to believe we ſhould be
" ſurpriſed to ſee the folly, ignorance,
" and error, which affectation, gra-
" vity, and opinion, varniſh over.—On
" the contrary, many people who poſ-
" ſeſs the greateſt portion of know-
" ledge, as may be diſcovered from the
" uniform rectitude, conſiſtency, and
" juſtice of their actions, paſs with the
" generality of mankind for people
" with mere common ideas. The
" mind, ſecure in its own knowledge of
" having ſought for truth, and taken
" it for the guide of its actions, as a
" rational being placed in this world,
" is intent upon performing its duties,
" and is ſuperior to that vanity or pro-
" penſity of leſs enlightened minds,

" which

" which for ever leads them to diſplay
" their acquirements.

" Whenever knowledge becomes vi-
" ſible, mankind is diſpoſed to admire
" it; and a ſecret motive of ſelf-love
" often mingling in our praiſes of
" others (as we therein diſcover
" our own penetration), we com-
" monly attribute to thoſe in whom
" knowledge does appear, much
" more than they really poſſeſs:
" whereas, on the contrary, perſons of
" the greateſt abilities, *if they are au-*
" *thors*, often appear very ſilly to
" common obſervers; becauſe, hav-
" ing employed their time and abili-
" ties in an inveſtigation of truths,
" they have had no opportunity of ac-
" quiring that common knowledge of

" the

" the actions and occupations of man-
" kind which conſtitutes the converſa-
" tion of polite ſociety. One reaſon
" which prevents people of great ge-
" nius and abilities from receiving the
" admiration which may really be due
" to them as companions, is this:
" they are expected to be as great in
" their converſations as they are in
" their works.

" A very entertaining author is ſup-
" poſed to be a very entertaining com-
" panion. When ſuch a one is in com-
" pany, every one expects ſomething
" great and uncommon from him; and
" if, as will generally be found, nothing
" ſtriking or uncommon appears, we
" feel diſappointed when he is gone,
" and pronounce him, *a very ſtupid*

" *man*

" *man in common life.* A little reflec-
" tion, and proper conſideration,
" would root out theſe errors from our
" minds, and we ſhould find that the
" fault is in our own judgment.

" Great authors are like great politi-
" cians: they who are moſt profound
" diſplay leaſt of their knowledge in
" common life; it is reſerved to be diſ-
" played at proper times, and on juſt
" occaſions; and it is then only that we
" muſt preſume to judge of them.—
" When they mix in ſociety, 'tis as
" much as we ought to expect, that
" they are as agreeable as others.

" Every body, I conclude, will join
" me in ſaying, it was of little conſe-
" quence whether or not Mr. Locke
" and Sir Iſaac Newton could talk non-

" ſenſe

" ſenſe agreeably to ladies; or deſcant
" on the charms of hunting and wine,
" with gentlemen. I have no doubt but
" they would, if they were now alive,
" be thought *very ſtupid* in any *faſhion-*
" *able party* in England. But I
" am likewiſe inclined to believe that
" there would be found as much enter-
" tainment in their converſation, *on any*
" *trifling ſubject*, as to ſecure them
" from being thought ſtupid, if it was
" not conſidered that talking like chil-
" dren conſtitutes entertainment, or
" that the ſuperiority of their know-
" ledge ought to appear, in their com-
" mon converſation, in proportion as
" they poſſeſſed it.

" Let dull contented Ignorance de-
" clare, that ſuch men were uſeleſs

" mem-

" members of ſociety! It is an idea
" which could never gain admittance in
" the mind of any rational being, but
" where ignorance was only equalled
" by conceit. Thoſe who diſtinguiſh
" truth from error know that (excepting
" thoſe who are employed in actual
" labour) they only fulfil the end of
" their creation, who make it the buſi-
" neſs of their lives to employ their
" faculties in a ſearch after knowledge;
" make it a guide for their own con-
" duct, and apply it, in whatever way
" their ſituation and abilities allow
" them, for the general benefit of man-
" kind.

" Having allowed due praiſe to thoſe
" who devote their time and faculties to
" their

" their amendment, or inſtruction by
" their writings, and for which they
" may be well excuſed if they really
" were not as entertaining companions
" as thoſe who never ſtudied any thing
" but to make themſelves agreeable;
" let us contemplate another manner
" in which knowledge applies itſelf—
" to the regulating our conduct accord-
" ing to the rules of juſtice and right
" reaſon, in the common affairs of
" life. Here it is that merit oftenest
" fails to receive the admiration due to
" it. Every propoſition is inſtanta-
" neouſly aſſented to as ſoon as the
" mind becomes conſcious of its truth.
" Thus is the rectitude of every man's
" actions confeſſed who does no in-
" juſtice; but then it is added—he

" does

" does no more than is right. The
" difficulty, the portion of knowledge
" it requires, and the merit of acting
" aright, are forgotten; though per-
" haps it is the greateſt a rational being
" can be diſtinguiſhed by. Thus are
" thoſe who have attained the higheſt
" degree of knowledge, and who apply
" it to the beſt purpoſes, generally
" undiſtinguiſhed in the world, *becauſe*
" a ſtrict adherence to rectitude ſeldom
" permits people to perform thoſe ac-
" tions which it moſt eaſily admires.
" The diſcharge of duty according
" to the ſtrict rules of juſtice, appears
" ſo plain, that mankind wants ſimpli-
" city and juſtneſs of taſte to admire it.
" Had we diſpoſitions to examine thoſe
" truly who are little talked of in the
" world,

" world, and boaſt no ſuperiority of
" knowledge, from their dependence
" that it will appear in their actions;
" we ſhould form a very different eſti-
" mate of the value of characters from
" that we are now ſo quick and ſo erro-
" neous in making.

" I have wandered into a labyrinth,
" out of which I return to perform
" the duties of a mother, for which I
" find the higheſt knowledge united to
" the higheſt prudence neceſſary.—
" Anxious for that happy period which
" we hope ſo ſoon to arrive, when
" we may enjoy the pleaſures of mo-
" thers in our nurſeries at Glendarran,
" and convert our dreſſing-rooms into
" ſtudies, I will now ſay, adieu;

" aſſur-

" aſſuring you of the moſt affectionate
" eſteem of, my dear ſiſter,

" Your ſincere friend,

" CHARLOTTE LESLIE.

" I write to dear Euphemia, &c. to
" whom, as my letter to you is already
" ſo long, I ſhall mention many family
" affairs."

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

"Think not, the huſband gain'd, that all is done;
"The prize of happineſs muſt ſtill be won."

LYTTELTON.

IN two years from the time when the foregoing letter was written, Mr. and Mrs. Leſlie arrived in England, with four lovely children. Gwilldegarth, a very beautiful ſeat belonging to a gentleman who ruined himſelf by oppoſing a family of greater conſequence in an election, was purchaſed by Sir Henry Llewellyn for Mr. Leſlie. It was only ſix miles diſtant from Glendarran, and every neceſſary attention had been paid by

by him to it; therefore it was in a ſtate for them to take immediate poſſeſſion of, which their inclination led them to do, as their family was now become ſo numerous; but they could not avoid ſpending a few months almoſt entirely with their brothers and ſiſters, on their return. Their joy at their reunion continued unabated; and, when they removed to their own houſe, a daily intercourſe was maintained between the families of Glendarran and Gwilldegarth, who, in this conſtant reciprocal attention, found daily cauſe for renewed pleaſure and affection.

The children of the various families were allowed to ſee each other often enough to increaſe their attachment,

without preventing their rational improvements.

Morlais Caſtle, the ſeat of Mr. Greville, was only two miles from Gwilldegarth. Mrs. Leſlie heard this without emotion: ſhe wiſhed to be in peace with all the world; and had ſo long conſidered her huſband as the beſt man in it, that it was impoſſible for the thought of any other to affect her; and though Mrs. Greville had never anſwered her letter, and ſhe never had any eſteem for her, yet ſhe anticipated a kind of pleaſure in returning the viſit which ſhe concluded ſhe would make her, and conſidering her at leaſt as a neighbour. In this, however, ſhe was diſappointed; for Mrs. Greville, who had been in London when Mrs. Leſlie

arrived at Glendarran, declared, on her return into Wales, that ſhe never would viſit at Gwilldegarth. This was a ſubject of wonder to many who heard of her intention, which ſhe proclaimed, that the neighbouring families might not invite them to their houſes together; ſatisfying their aſtoniſhment at her reſolution, by informing them, that ſhe had *private reaſons* for not viſiting *Mrs.* Leſlie; and *that ſhe never would.*

Mr. Greville was entirely paſſive in the matter, and really appeared himſelf to have no inclination to contradict her determination, or diſapprove it, by viſiting them himſelf; though his attachment to Lord Margam and Sir Henry Llewellyn had partly induced

him to purchaſe Morlais Caſtle. He mentioned to them his wife's determination; and, like a prudent huſband, ſaid, that, as it was her reſolution not to viſit Mr. and Mrs. Leſlie, he ſhould rather not ſee them.

They lamented this interruption to the friendly intercourſe which had ſubſiſted between them; but, on aſking him, if he ſhould have any objection to meeting the Leſlie family, and receiving an anſwer that he certainly ſhould not, they conceived a hope that this whim of Mrs. Greville might be got over, from the unavoidable circumſtance of her meeting Mrs. Leſlie; and therefore ſaid no more of it. Three months, however, elapſed, after they had been comfortably ſettled in

Gwill-

Gwilldegarth, and they never met.—Mr. Greville very ſeldom viſited at Glendarran, and Mrs. Leſlie being particularly confined to her own houſe by her little girl, who was born a week after they took poſſeſſion of it, he had only ſeen Mr. Leſlie a few times, and never beheld his lady ſince the day he parted from her at Glendarran, ſeven years before.

One morning, as he was walking he ſcarcely knew whither, muſing on the conſequences of an eternal union with a woman of *plain ſenſe and moderate abilities*, he was arouſed from his reverie by a little boy, who took hold of his hand, calling out to a lovely girl whom he had not before obſerved—

" Come, Charlotte; come and play " with this nice gentleman."

" You ſweet little fellow! will you " play with me?" ſaid Mr. Greville, taking him in his arms.

" Yes, that I will," replied the child; " for mamma ſays I muſt always be good, " and go to every body, and then all " good people will love me—won't " they, Charlotte?"

" Yes, that they will," anſwered ſhe; " for mamma always loves me " when I'm good; but ſhe never kiſſes " me when I am naughty; ſo I muſt " be good, becauſe nobody cares for " naughty people; and when I am as " big as mamma, I muſt always be good, " like ſhe is."

"Yes, that you muſt, ſiſter," rejoined the little boy; "and when I am a "man I muſt be like my papa."

"Who is your papa, my ſweet fel-"low?" aſked Mr. Greville.

"Mr. Leſlie," anſwered the child.

Mr. Greville inſtantaneouſly ſet him on the ground; but the children, who were pleaſed with his former notice, took his hands, and ſaid to him—"Look! here is Betty and Sally, with "Henry and Euphemia; do come and "walk with us, for mamma's at home, "nurſing baby; ſo pray do tell us all "about the flowers and the butter-"flies."

Mr. Greville had not reſolution ſufficient to quit them till they came within

a field of the park, when the gate ſuddenly opened, and he beheld Mrs. Leſlie with her infant child: his little playfellows inſtantly expreſſed their artleſs joy, and he bowed moſt reſpectfully.

The quick ſenſe of propriety which Mrs. Leſlie poſſeſſed did not now forſake her. She gave her infant to the nurſe who attended, and in a manner in which kindneſs (perhaps awakened by pity) was very predominant, inquired after his health, and that of Mrs. Greville. He certainly did not look well; the confuſion therefore ſo viſible in his countenance was attributed to that cauſe; but a ſecret fear that it might ariſe from ſome other, prevented her from repeating her inquiries,

quiries, or entering into other converſation with him; as he replied in a very conciſe, common-place manner, and, bowing ſlightly, wiſhed her a good morning. She reſumed her charge, kiſſed her children, and purſued her walk.

But, Mr. Greville! what didſt thou do?—Wipe away the tear which nature forced from thy manly heart, and with haſty ſteps returned to a joyleſs home, unbleſſed with a wife poſſeſſing ſenſe to improve, genius to enliven; good-humour to divert, or ſenſibility to delight thee!

On entering his own houſe, he was met by Mrs. Greville, who exclaimed—

"Lord bleſs me! Mr. Greville, "where have you been? Dinner has

" been waiting for you this half hour!
" I never in my life ſaw any thing ſo
" uncomfortable as you do make the
" houſe! It's a continual ſcramble
" from morning till night. I do deteſt
" ſuch irregularity!"

" It cannot poſſibly ſignify," replied he, " whether dinner is half an hour
" earlier or later than uſual."

" Yes," anſwered his wife; " but it
" does ſignify to ſomebody, though it
" does not to you, who delight in
" every thing that's diſagreeable and
" contradictory; it's of very great im-
" portance to the ſervants, as well as
" myſelf; it puts every thing into con-
" fuſion continually; and it's utterly
" impoſſible for us to be comfortable
" while you delight in ſuch ſcrambling
" ways:

" ways: but it is to no purpoſe for me " to tell you ſo, for you are as obſtinate " as a pig."

To this plain ſpeech Mr. Greville made no reply, except ſaying, " I'm " not well." Dinner was announced, and he took his ſtation as maſter of the houſe, but did not eat. Mrs. Greville, however, made ample amends for his defect of appetite; which being obſerved by a lady who was on a viſit to them, ſhe remarked that he ate nothing, and recommended every diſh on the table.

" Oh, he had much better not eat!" exclaimed his *wife*, in the midſt of her ſolicitations: " it's the moſt miſtaken " thing in the world to ſtuff people " when they are not well; but it is al- " ways the caſe, when perſons are ill,

" people keep aſking them to have this
" thing and the other, till they eat twice
" as much as when they are well, which
" every body with common ſenſe muſt
" know to be directly contrary to na-
" ture.

" I'm ſure Mr. Greville was not well
" this morning, therefore it was the moſt
" fooliſh thing in the world for him to
" go walking all over the country; but
" nothing can prevent *Mr. Greville*
" from doing whatever he takes in his
" head! ſo he muſt expect the conſe-
" quences of his own imprudence."

" Oh, I am very well," interrupted he.

" Well!" repeated his wife; " you
" are quite in a fever! and you ought
" not to eat a morſel of any thing; any
" phyſician

" phyſician in the world would tell you
" the ſame."

" Surely he had better eat ſome-
" thing," ſaid the kind girl, who was her viſitor.

To which his wife anſwered, " No,
" indeed! it's the very worſt thing he
" can do, and directly contrary to com-
" mon ſenſe. If you or I had eaten ſuch
" a baſin of water gruel as he had, before
" he went out, I believe we ſhould have
" little appetite now."

So ſaying, ſhe reſumed her knife and fork, leaving her huſband to enjoy his meditations in quiet.

When he joined the ladies in the drawing-room, ſhe attempted to cure him by ſaying, " Come, come, don't
" be ſo dull! what entertainment are

" you to me and Miſs Williams?
" Lord bleſs me! if I was to give
" way ſo, pray what would be-
" come of me in my illneſs? Come,
" come, be lively! I'm not one of thoſe
" people, like Mrs. Leſlie, that, as I
" heard, when her huſband was ill, did
" nothing but cry all day, and made
" him ten times worſe with her ridi-
" culous fondneſs. I hate to ſee folks
" give way to low ſpirits; nothing does
" ſo much good as a little rallying.
" Come," continued ſhe, giving him a ſharp *pat* on the ſhoulder; " cheer up,
" and be a little entertaining; don't ex-
" pect me to play Mrs. Leſlie!"

" Mrs. Leſlie is an angel!" Mr. Greville fervently exclaimed.

" Sir!" ſaid his wife.

" I mean

"I mean that ſhe is every thing a "woman ought to be," added he.

Miſs Williams moved her ſeat, and purſued her employment with double diligence.

"Pray what do you mean, Sir?" exclaimed Mrs. Greville; "pray, Sir, do "you think that a woman is perform- "ing her duty, when ſhe ſacrifices "every minute of her life to her huſ- "band, and a ſet of children, in the ro- "mantic ridiculous manner ſhe does?"

"Yes, Madam, I do think that a "woman is performing her higheſt du- "ties in the beſt manner poſſible, when "ſhe *ſacrifices* every moment of her life "to her huſband and children," anſwered he.

To which ſhe replied, "But then, "Sir, ſhe ſees more company than any "perſon

" perſon in the country; and I am told " by thoſe who do condeſcend to viſit " at her houſe, that ſhe never gives up " a moment of the morning from play- " ing with her brats, teaching them leſ- " ſons before it is proper for them to " learn any thing, playing muſic, " drawing, poring over books that no " woman has any right to look into, " and ſuch nonſenſe as ſhe always did " ſpend her time in; beſides which, ſhe " is now bringing her children up in " exactly the ſame idle, ridiculous man- " ner."

" Let us drop the ſubject, Sarah," ſaid Mr. Greville; " ſhall I ring for tea?"

This ſhe permitted him to do, and we muſt leave him to enjoy it " with what " appetite he may."

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

" The kindeſt and the happieſt pair
" Have ſometimes reaſon to forbear;
" And ſomething, every day they live,
" To pity, and perhaps forgive." COWPER.

THE friends of Lady Cecilia Llewellyn had the pleaſure of obſerving her daily increaſe in wiſdom, though it was not diſplayed with that uniform conſiſtency which marked the conduct of the daughters of Mr. Llewellyn. Fortunately, however, ſhe had a huſband whoſe temper and judgment offered her the nobleſt example, and who had the ſatisfaction of finding his moſt ſanguine

wiſhes

wiſhes converted into rational expectations. He found an everlaſting fund of entertainment in the gaiety of Lady Cecilia's diſpoſition, which it was his conſtant ſtudy to preſerve. He knew that total ſecluſion from the pleaſures of the great world was not likely to teach one to deſpiſe them, who, from habit and education, had imbibed the idea that they were the greateſt pleaſures in life. Therefore, though he abſolutely determined, on his marriage, to have no eſtabliſhment in London, and found that his wife became reconciled to all his opinions, yet he did not at firſt ſeem diſpoſed to indulge her in that perfect ſtate of retirement, which, as ſoon as ſhe became ſenſible of the charms of it, with ſuch a huſband as Sir Henry Llewellyn,

Llewellyn, ſhe declared ſhe could always enjoy. On the contrary, Glendarran Caſtle, in the firſt years of their union, was almoſt continually filled with company, paſſing the firſt winter after their marriage nearly alone. By this judicious plan, Lady Cecilia at length diſcovered that it was the happieſt ſhe had ever ſpent. Thus, by degrees, Glendarran Caſtle ceaſed to be the houſe of uncommon gaiety; but Sir Henry ſtill maintained ſuch an intercourſe as their conſequence required, and as he found was conſiſtent with the real intereſt of his wife. Her love for him and her children was unbounded; nor did ſhe unfrequently declare, that, excepting them and their relations, there were not

a dozen

a dozen people in the world whom ſhe ever wiſhed to ſee.

Mrs. Leſlie was oſten highly diverted by obſerving the changes which a huſband and children made in the good-humoured thoughtleſs creature whom ſhe left at Glendarran Caſtle; and when ſhe ſaw her patiently ſitting for hours together teaching her children ba and be, beſides reading to the elders, and haranguing on the neceſſity of little boys and girls loving their books, ſhe was tempted to aſk herſelf if it was poſſible for the ſame perſon to be ſo metamorphoſed. In the midſt of her reverie in ſchool time one day, ſhe interrupted Lady Cecilia's lectures by exclaiming, "Have your children read "Tom Jones yet?"

She

She immediately recollected Mrs. Leſlie's alluſion, and laughing, replied, "Oh, bleſs you, my dear ſiſter, "never mention that again!" adding, in a whiſper, "for I would not for the "univerſe have my children know how "ignorant I was; though, when Char-"lotte and Cecilia are old enough, I "mean to ſhow them, if poſſible, the "folly of ignorance."

"You will have no occaſion to men-"tion your own," ſaid Mrs. Leſlie; "for your good ſenſe now would pre-"vent them from thinking it poſſible, "and your good inſtructions will pro-"bably very early convince them of the "pleaſure and advantage of know-"ledge."

Lady Cecilia then diſmiſſed her children,

dren, with their governeſs, who propoſed for them to walk. Her opinions Lady Cecilia never contradicted, Sir Henry having ſelected her with great circumſpection, for the ſuperintendant of his daughter's education, which their mother only interfered with as an amuſement and delight to herſelf; this delight, however, grew on her ſo much, that her mornings were generally ſpent with her children, either in taking exerciſe, in the ſchool-room, or in the nurſery.

Her good ſenſe, and her huſband's advice, prevented her from depriving their governeſs of any portion of that authority which it is neceſſary the inſtructors of children ſhould poſſeſs, and of which ſhe experienced the good effects.

effects. Lady Cecilia and Mrs. Leſlie being left by themſelves, were engaging in a ſubject highly intereſting to both, when they were interrupted by the arrival of Mrs. Suſan-ap-Thomas; a lady, who, though ſhe has not yet been introduced in this hiſtory, was a very conſpicuous member of the Llewellyn family.

She was univerſally known and acknowledged to be—as good a kind of woman as ever lived—*pious*—*charitable*—*frugal*—*virtuous*—and moſt amazingly fond of cards!

She was, however, no great friend to literature; conſequently, on obſerving that her niece Charlotte, when a mere child, was much addicted to reading, ſhe took infinite pains to correct her;

and

and to convince her of the folly of girls acquiring ſuch *idle habits*, gaining knowledge which was not proper for them, and utterly neglecting tent-ſtitch, and the " Whole Duty of Man."

Their governeſs, in ſpite of her admonitions or reproofs, perſevered in her own plans of inſtructing the pupils committed to her care; therefore all Mrs. Ap-Thomas's arguments in favour of confectionary, and ſuch neceſſary knowledge, were of no avail; nor was ſhe even ſatisfied on hearing that her nieces actually could make a pudding, although ſhe once found Mrs. Raffald's cookery-book open on the table; obſerving, with infinite regret, that they oftener read Shakſpeare's play-books than the invaluable family manuſcript,

ſcript, and knew much more of the Eſſay on Man than the Whole Duty.

Her affections thus alienated from them, ſhe ſeldom ſaw them but when they paid her a formal viſit: on which important days, during their childhood, ſhe failed not to make them read the proper pſalms and leſſons; and, if they could not repeat them, learn the proper collect for the week. She then talked to them on the duties of women, and never failed, after giving them a very nice dinner, as well as a piece of plum-cake to carry home with them, to repeat with her bleſſing, when they departed, a ſtrict charge to ſay their prayers every night and morning, and to take care not to tear their frocks in getting into the carriage.

Not-

Notwithſtanding all this kind treatment and good advice, the children were not remarkably fond of their aunt Sukey. Indeed they conſtantly told their governeſs, when they returned from viſiting her, that they were very glad they were come home again.

In maturer years their love for each other was ſtill leſs than in their youthful days. Mrs. Ap-Thomas repeated continually her lectures upon religion and the duties of women, ſtrongly enforcing the importance of ſuch as they had neither opportunity nor inclination to infringe; warning them againſt dangers which had through life ſurrounded herſelf, and explaining the arts and deceits of men whom they had never ſo much as thought of. In all theſe matters,

ters, the Miſs Llewellyns perceived that her zeal had blinded her prudence; therefore they quietly ſubmitted to its effects: but when it led her to dictate to and inſtruct them, the ſuperiority of their own reaſon forbade them to ſubmit to hers. From whence ſhe began to conſider them proud, conceited girls, and they to think her a troubleſome, tedious, opinionative old woman.

Thus are diſlikes formed, and the union of families deſtroyed, by cauſes which originate in thoſe who ought to preſerve unanimity. The old will not ceaſe to inſtruct and preſcribe to the young, who find that they have reaſon and underſtanding of their own. Happy would it be for both very frequently,

quently, if they too would recollect this; and, inſtead of directing all their efforts to convince the young of the importance of *their* judgment and opinions, adviſe them rather to make uſe of their own. They daily find that they *will do ſo*; therefore, ſeeing that it is ſuch a natural and unconquerable propenſity, ſurely it is better to make this weakneſs of nature, if they preſume to think it ſuch, ſubſervient to thoſe good purpoſes to which it certainly may be employed.

Miſs Sukey-ap-Thomas was one of that numerous and reſpectable tribe who never ſeek for, or admit, truth to exiſt in any thing but their own opinions. Age—which, as the great Lord Chatham obſerved, on a memorable occa-

occaſion, always at leaſt poſſeſſes one advantage over youth—" that of being " inſolent and ſupercilious with impuni- " ty"—was Miſs Sukey's principal argument in ſupport of the propriety of the Miſs Llewellyns ſubmitting implicitly to all her opinions and reproofs; which ſhe further boaſted that they had no right to reply to, becauſe ſhe was their aunt. Now as they had been taught to detect prejudice even in themſelves, and their inclinations prompted them to do ſo, they had no great reſpect even for the prejudices of their aunt Sukey; and in truth it was no very eaſy matter to ſubmit to them with the implicit deference which ſhe thought duty and propriety demanded: it is true, they treated her with reſpectful attention;

but ſhe could not always obtain from them that compliance which ſhe conſidered due to her age and relationſhip; therefore, when ſhe heard of Charlotte being diſcarded by her father, ſhe declared it was *exactly what ſhe expected.*

Lord Margam's marriage with her niece Euphemia was indeed a circumſtance which ſhe candidly confeſſed ſhe *never could have thought of,* and it ſerved her as a new moral ſtudy for a week, to endeavour to diſcover the motives which *could* actuate Providence to reward her ſo ſingularly.

She conſidered how good a woman Euphemia's mother was, and moreover, how ſingularly exemplary her grandmother had been, who was her own ſiſter; therefore, arguing ſeriouſly,

and,

and, as ſhe believed, piouſly, ſhe diſcovered, with wonder and gratitude, how the third generation of the righteous was bleſſed.

Miſs Sukey-ap-Thomas conſidered it as a duty to viſit her niece, who would one day be Counteſs of Glendarran; therefore ſhe did ſo, immediately after her marriage, and aſſured her of the benefit of her advice and inſtructions on all occaſions.

The goodneſs of Lady Margam's diſpoſition made her liſten to her with patience, and thank her for her kind intentions; conſequently, Glendarran Houſe was very frequently ſurveyed by Miſs Sukey, nor was the miſconduct of its ſervants ever known by any other means.

Mrs. Ap-Thomas rejoiced very ſincerely, when ſhe found that her niece Charlotte was returning to England; more eſpecially when ſhe heard that Gwilldegarth was purchaſed by her huſband; which, beſides being a moſt beautiful place, poſſeſſed the ſingular advantage of being only one mile diſtant from Aber Morlais, the ſeat of Mrs. Suſan-ap-Thomas.

It is true, ſhe had frequently declared that her niece Charlotte would *come to no good*; but for once, *as it had proved fallacious*, ſhe renounced her opinion, and joined moſt vehemently with thoſe who now began to praiſe Mrs. Leſlie's genius, ſpirit, and excellent diſpoſition, and to rejoice in her good fortune.

One

One circumſtance however dwelt on Mrs. Thomas's mind, and deprived her of enjoying that perfect ſatisfaction which ſhe might be expected to feel on witneſſing her niece's happineſs, on which ſhe harangued ſo much in public.

Upon calling on Lady Cecilia at Glendarran Caſtle, and finding only Mrs. Leſlie with her, ſhe conſidered it a fortunate opportunity for relieving her mind from a burden which had ſo long oppreſſed it; and accordingly ſhe ſomewhat abruptly told her niece that ſhe wiſhed for a little private converſation with her. Lady Cecilia immediately leaving them together, ſhe addreſſed Mrs. Leſlie in the following manner:

"Niece! there is a ſubject which "has long dwelt on my mind, and oc- "caſions me great uneaſineſs: I conſi- "der it not only my duty, but a right "which my relationſhip gives me, to "aſk you one queſtion—pray where "was you married to Mr. Leſlie?"

"At Bombay, to be ſure," replied Mrs. Leſlie, ſmiling, but not perceiving the drift of her inquiry.

"Nay, nay, child!" continued her aunt, very conſequentially, "it is no "laughing matter, I aſſure you, but "requires a very ſerious inveſtigation, "which I am determined to give it:— "ſome preſbyterian parſon might marry "you, for what I know!"

"Oh, my dear aunt!" exclaimed Mrs. Leſlie, laughing, "pray don't diſ-

"treſs

" treſs yourſelf, for I was not married " by *any parſon.*"

" God forbid!" piouſly ejaculated Miſs Sukey, whoſe curioſity however got the better of her horror.

" Not married," continued ſhe, " by " a parſon! How dare you then pre- " ſume to live with a man, and breed " children, and appear like an honeſt " woman? Aye, aye, this is exactly " what I always expected!"

" Stop, ſtop, aunt, pray!" interrupted Mrs. Leſlie; " don't terrify " yourſelf in ſuch an unneceſſary man- " ner! I was lawfully and properly " married to Mr. Leſlie."

" Don't think to deceive me, child! " don't think to deceive me!" exclaimed her ſagacious aunt; " it is quite

" plain,—too plain, indeed! You have
" confeſſed you were not married by a
" parſon. I don't want to hear any
" more. Yes, yes, I knew what your
" fine education would bring you to!—
" A very pretty event, indeed! a very
" pretty ſtory, Madam! that I ſhould
" live to ſee a deſcendant of Howel
" Goch a kept miſtreſs!

" You may depend upon it, Ma-
" dam, that I ſhall withdraw myſelf
" from Gwilldegarth, and inform all
" your relations of your ſituation!"

Mrs. Leſlie allowed for her zeal, and calmly replied—

" Well, but, aunt, do allow me to
" explain the matter. The magiſtrates,
" where there is no chaplain, have a
" legal power in India not only to
" marry,

" marry, but even to baptize; do not,
" therefore, degrade me ſo much in
" your opinion; becauſe, though it ſo
" happened, that when I was married
" at Bombay, the ſucceſſor of the de-
" ceaſed chaplain was not arrived from
" England, I ſolemnly went through
" the ceremony of its church, perform-
" ed by the ſenior in council, and per-
" haps with more decorum than is
" ſometimes obſerved within its walls."

" It cannot be, child; it cannot be!" perſiſted Miſs Sukey: " if you were " not married by a clergyman of the " church of England, you cannot be a " proper wife, nor your children any " thing better than baſtards."

" Pray have ſome regard to their cre-" dit," interrupted Mrs. Leſlie; " be-

"cauſe, if I did not know myſelf that "I was lawfully and properly married, "the affection of my huſband, both in "regard to them and myſelf, would, I "am certain, have induced him to have "gone through the ceremony of the "church of England *a dozen times*, if "it could have increaſed my happineſs "or their reſpectability."

"Don't talk to me, Miſs!" exclaimed her aunt; "I remember very well a "converſation which my good neighbour Mrs. Greville once repeated to "me concerning your opinion of the "marriage ceremony; and ſhocked indeed I was to think that a niece of "mine ſhould utter ſuch vile, impious "opinions."

Mrs.

Mrs. Leſlie replied, with compoſure—

" Reſpecting the real holineſs and " delicacy of the marriage ceremony, " aunt, I certainly never entertained " any very pious opinions, though I " hope I never advanced them without " caution; excepting two very ſolemn " and admirable parts of it, I once re- " member hearing a very wiſe and " good man ſay, ' that, if a Weſtmin- " ſter boy had compoſed it, he would " have deſerved a flogging for his pains.' " But that did not exempt me from the " neceſſity of complying with it."

" Mercy defend me, child!" exclaimed her aunt; " none but a kept " miſtreſs *ever could* repeat ſuch de- " praved, wicked opinions. It is to no

" pur-

" purpoſe, Madam, for you to con-
" tend with me; for a kept miſtreſs you
" certainly muſt be!"

" No, indeed, my good Madam, I
" neither am, nor would I ever have
" been miſtreſs to any man. Mr. Leſ-
" lie was as incapable of making as I of
" liſtening to a diſhonourable propoſal,
" of which you will be convinced when
" you are better acquainted with him."

" Pooh, pooh! I tell you, Ma-
" dam, that the woman who can ſay a
" ſingle ſyllable againſt the marriage
" ceremony would be miſtreſs to any
" man," exclaimed Miſs Sukey.

" Indeed you do many women great
" injuſtice," replied Mrs. Leſlie: " for
" my own part, I can only ſay, that the
" ficklenes of men and the ſituation of

" man-

" mankind is ſuch, that I could not have
" admitted any circumſtances to have
" exempted me from the duty of com-
" plying with their laws. I could have
" had no inclination to live with the
" man I loved and eſteemed, if he
" could have ſought to place me in a
" degrading ſituation; nor could I
" have thought he loved me; becauſe
" love ſeeks to exalt its object. I muſt
" have concluded that he did not eſteem
" me, if he endeavoured to deprive
" me of the reſpect of the virtuous;
" nor could I have expected a man to
" remain conſtant who refuſed to com-
" ply with a ceremony which morally
" and religiouſly obliged him to do ſo:
" conſequently, the miſeries of a union
" unſanctified by human approbation
" muſt

" muſt be too obvious and too inevita-
" ble on the female part to permit a
" woman of delicacy or prudence, one
" ſhould think, from making ſuch a
" connexion — independently of the
" duty they owe to poſterity."

" Well, well; but, child, you ſay
" nothing of the wickedneſs of the
" thing; or how your conſcience could
" allow you to live with a man without
" going *properly* through the ceremony
" of our moſt pure and holy church."

To this her niece replied—

" You know, aunt, that I always
" ſought for my principles and opinions
" in ſomething more ſacred than the
" prejudices of mankind, however my
" judgment may induce me to render
" my conduct agreeable to them. They

" are

" are very inadequate to prevent many
" from acting in oppoſition to them
" who are moſt ready to acknowledge
" their juſtice and reſpectability. I
" wiſh to believe what I profeſs, and
" chooſe to profeſs nothing but what I
" do believe; where my opinion differs
" from that of others, I content myſelf
" with enjoying it privately, and ſtudy-
" ing to make my conduct a better
" proof of its juſtice than my aſſertions.
" I think that it is the duty of the
" friends of virtue to leave no doubt of
" the propriety of their conduct, what-
" ever may be entertained of their opi-
" nions."

" Indeed, child," ſaid her aunt, when Charlotte ceaſed ſpeaking, " I
" am not a bit the wiſer for what you
" have

"have ſaid; nor will I ever believe "that you are really and truly a virtu- "ous woman, unleſs you were married "by a parſon."

"I wiſh I knew one who poſſeſſed "the power of making women virtu- "ous," replied Mrs. Leſlie, laughingly.

This converſation was fortunately interrupted by the entrance of that lady's huſband, with one of her ſweet little *baſtards*, as already *degraded* in the opinion of Miſs Sukey.

Of this family we muſt take leave for the preſent, to diſcover the conſequence more clearly of a man of ſenſibility being *properly* married to a woman of plain ſenſe and moderate abilities, totally devoid of ſenſibility; of whoſe temper her huſband had not a ſufficient know-

knowledge before he married, and who will probably make him perceive that ſenſe is better than ignorance; that elegance, which is "the laſt reſult of "an accompliſhed mind," is a continual ſource of delight in a companion for life; that "vanity, pride, and arro-"gance," are the ſure companions of ignorance; that capacity and good diſpoſitions require culture, and that *principles* (not to be obtained by mere chance) are neceſſary to inſure the reſpectability of a wife, and the happineſs of a huſband. To this end it is neceſſary to take a retroſpective view of the ſituation of Mr. and Mrs. Greville, as well as ſome other characters.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

" How can vain, fooliſh woman, bid defiance
" To riches, rank, and folly, in alliance?"

LORD Oakley, formerly recorded in this hiſtory, never, after his mortifying adventure with Charlotte Llewellyn, again committed the folly of falling in love, excepting with ſuch damſels as Jenny Jenkins, and married women of a certain character. He ſoon began to think it a " d—l-ſh " lucky thing" that Charlotte had more ſenſe than himſelf, *and was too cunning* " *to marry*;" declaring, he was " quite

" be-

" bewitched, or he could never have " been ſuch a fool."

He thought proper, however, to congratulate Lady Cecilia on her marriage, and even expreſſed joy when he heard that Captain Wilſon's brains were blown out, and Lord Margam obtained Euphemia, " ſince he was ſo d—l-ſhly " in love with her."

They received his Lordſhip's congratulations with quite as much reſpect as they were entitled to, and dined at Oakley Caſtle ſometimes, becauſe they had no inclination to offend him.

When he was informed that Mr. Greville had married Miſs Gunnings, he never ſcrupled to declare, that he was " a d——'d fool;" though he frequently ſpoke in raptures of that

lady's beauty, and ſaid—"To be ſure, "ſhe had ſenſe enough!"—Yet he ſeldom failed to conclude, by ſwearing, that "a man muſt either be "mad, or a fool, to marry her." It was his Lordſhip's opinion, that Mr. Greville was entitled to both appellations: as he neither liked port wine nor fox-hunting, was often obſerved to walk in the woods with a book in his hand—was much given to muſe and ſigh; finally, he had committed the folly of marrying—and that too a woman, as Lord Oakley ſaid, no more like himſelf than his "Sal Slim" and "Old Sloucher." His Lordſhip, notwithſtanding this, paid him a viſit as ſoon as he took poſſeſſion of Morlais Caſtle, and became a very frequent gueſt there. The

The diſſimilarity of theſe gentlemen's diſpoſitions may render this rather wonderful; but, as the politeneſs of the miſtreſs of a houſe frequently induces gentlemen to viſit it, who would otherwiſe be ſtrangers to its maſter; ſo it happened at Morlais Caſtle, where Mrs. Greville's conſtant aſſociation with *the beſt company* rendered her much diſſatisfied with her country neighbours; and, indeed, ſo miſerable, that it was impoſſible for her huſband to be tolerably happy. Morlais Caſtle was certainly a finer houſe than ſhe had been accuſtomed to live in; which, perhaps, in the firſt fond moments of indulgence to Mr. Greville's wiſhes, prevented her from declaring, *that if he purchaſed it, ſhe would not marry him*; but no ſooner had

had ſhe done ſo, than ſhe declared *ſhe would not live with him* if he perſiſted in continuing amongſt "ſuch a ſet of "low-bred people, baniſhed from every "kind of rational pleaſure." Live, nevertheleſs ſhe did, though for four whole years ſhe daily proteſted ſhe could not exiſt another week. Still Mr. Greville barbarouſly perſiſted in ſaying that he would never quit Morlais Caſtle. So that having no other reſource, ſhe *endeavoured* to make herſelf comfortable, by rendering it the admiration of all who had an opportunity of viewing its order, and her ſuperior management. It was, indeed, very aſtoniſhing to thoſe who knew at how ſmall an expenſe ſhe maintained ſuch an appearance.

In

In this, at leaſt, her huſband was compelled to admire her, though ſhe frequently proteſted, " that it was a ſin " to give ſuch dinners to ſuch people " as ſhe had to eat them ;" and that it was " ſcandalous to ſpend a fortune in " ſuch a place as Morlais Caſtle." He owned that his dinners were more elegantly ſerved than thoſe of his neighbours, and every thing around him was in the beſt ſtyle, though his expenſes fell ſhort of theirs. His only regret with regard to the domeſtic management was, that his ſervants were changed inceſſantly. This Mrs. Greville aſſured him was abſolutely neceſſary in every houſe where people had common ſenſe; as, ſhe ſaid, the tricks and ſchemes of ſervants to defraud their maſters were

incredible to any one who was not as well acquainted with them as herſelf; proteſting there was no other way to keep them honeſt, than to watch them continually, and change them for the ſlighteſt fault.

The company of Lord Oakley had peculiar charms for a woman thus ſecluded from ſuch ſociety as ſhe had been accuſtomed to. It was in vain that her huſband pointed out the virtues of her neighbours, or endeavoured to convince her of the little ſatisfaction which the converſation of ſuch men as Lord Oakley could afford. "With "Lords," as ſhe declared, "ſhe had "always been acquainted—and Lords "ſhe would always rejoice to ſee at her "table; with whom, even a cheeſe-

"paring

" paring and an onion, elegantly ſerved
" up, would be preferable to the ſump-
" tuous dinners ſhe was obliged to
" give, and the company ſhe was forced
" to endure."

Mr. Greville, prudently as ſome may think, invited Lords to his table, and even prevailed upon a titled friend of his, who was certainly not one of the brighteſt men in England, to ſpend a ſummer with him. Mrs. Greville, however, was in better ſpirits and better humour, while his Lordſhip was at Morlais Caſtle, than ſhe had ever been ſince ſhe was its miſtreſs.

Mr. Greville, on that account, perhaps, when this nobleman departed, ſeemed rather to treat Lord Oakley with increaſed attention, as if pleaſed with

his politeneſs to his wife, who, on her part, was evidently gratified by it. In the courſe of three years after Mr. Greville's reſidence in Wales, my Lord's aſſiduities were inceſſant, and from ſome ſuch unaccountable revolutions as do take place in all human opinions, he began to proteſt that Mr. Greville was a "lucky fellow," and that Morlais Caſtle almoſt made him in love with matrimony.

Mr. Greville, like many huſbands who frequently hear their own happineſs deſcanted upon without being able themſelves to diſcover in what it conſiſts, felt, we fear, little conviction of the truth of Lord Oakley's aſſertions. In fact, at the time when this hiſtory recommences, Mr. Greville was in that

ſtate

ſtate of hopeleſs miſery which a man of ſenſibility only can experience on finding himſelf deceived in the object to whom he is irrevocably united, and all his projected ſchemes of happineſs totally defeated. Even that portion of *rational affection* which he entertained for his wife, being founded on qualities which only exiſted in his imagination, three years acquaintance very completely deſtroyed: ſtill, happineſs being a purſuit which the human mind does not willingly reſign, Mr. Greville tried to think that few women were better than his wife; and that, though their ſentiments were not exactly congenial, yet he might ſtill *be as happy as a man ought to be.* But this was a deception of hope which could not long

exiſt. A want of ſenſe Mr. Greville *thought* he could diſpenſe with, but a want of ſenſibility in a wife he felt could not be compenſated for; nor was it poſſible for him to ſpend ſeveral years with a woman totally devoid of it, without affection degenerating to indifference, and at length to diſguſt. Strong feelings, or delicate ſenſibility, ſeldom admit of any medium. Mr. Greville made this diſcovery too late; and, though he avoided all diſputes with his wife, it was becauſe his miſery afforded no hope of relief.

Mrs. Greville ſoon obſerved an alteration in his temper, but was at no pains to conciliate matters, tormented him inceſſantly by her petulance, and talked to every friend and acquaintance

ſhe

ſhe had of his neglect and indifference. Lord Oakley was her grand comforter, and one of the firſt to whom ſhe remarked Mr. Greville's ſtrange behaviour. His Lordſhip gave her his private opinion on the ſubject, offering ſuch advice as he would have approved of any man's wife, but his own, complying with.

Mrs. Greville, however, at firſt reproved his Lordſhip for the freedom of his expreſſions, but ſtill continued to acquaint him with her huſband's indifference, and to aſk him "how it was "poſſible for ſuch a woman as herſelf "to ſubmit to it?" His Lordſhip merely told her ſhe was a "d—d fool," ſtrongly recommending her "to leave "ſuch a milk and water fellow as Gre-

" ville, and take a trip to London." This made ſome impreſſion; ſcenes of triumph and delight roſe in imagination; ſhe determined " not to ſubmit " to be for ever buried in the country." Mr. Greville was accordingly given to underſtand, that " ſhe inſiſted upon " going to town: it being inconſiſtent " with common ſenſe to think that ſhe, " who had been accuſtomed to all the " gaieties of public life, would be " ' mewed up' at Morlais Caſtle."

Mr. Greville compoſedly told her that ſhe might go to London when ſhe choſe, and ſtay there exactly as long as was agreeable to herſelf. No ſooner had he given this permiſſion, than ſhe informed Lord Oakley of Mr. Greville's " deteſtable indifference, or rather, total

" want

" want of affection;" which his Lordſhip in return told her, ſhe was wrong to regard, and even offered his protection to town, whither he pretended to be about going himſelf. Mrs. Greville, in a manner ſhe thought proper, imparted to her huſband his Lordſhip's offer, but was greatly ſurpriſed when ſhe received from him a kind of diſapprobation, mixed with affectionate remonſtrance, againſt conſidering Lord Oakley as a friend. At this reproach (as ſhe conſidered it) on her own judgment, ſhe told him " that " Lord Oakley *was her friend*, though " ſhe believed *he* wiſhed to deprive her " of every friend on earth;" adding ſuch accuſations and reproaches as women frequently laviſh on their huſbands.

Mr. Greville, however, ſoon ſilenced her by ſaying, ſhe certainly might do as ſhe choſe, and then gravely walked out of the room. He was no ſooner gone than ſhe rang for her maid, whom ſhe ordered to prepare to go to London the next day: all this paſſing without any remonſtrance from her huſband, had nearly made her defer her journey. Excepting ſome letters relative to money matters, Mr. Greville did not hear from his wife during the ſix months ſhe remained with her mother in town. Lord Oakley, notwithſtanding his offer to protect her, certainly remained in the country the whole winter; which, indeed, he declared to his friends, nothing could induce him to quit, as it was the fineſt hunting ſeaſon ever remembered.

From ſome unaccountable cauſe, Mrs. Greville returned as ſuddenly to Morlais Caſtle as ſhe had departed from it: her appearance, however, had not the effect of reſtoring the health or cheerfulneſs of her huſband; both which ſo viſibly declined, as to be remarked by all but herſelf. Many of her acquaintance told her how melancholy he had been in her abſence, and how much changed he was from what they firſt knew him. This ſhe cordially agreed in; but ſaid, "that it was im-
"poſſible for *her* to be of any ſervice to
"Mr. Greville, when he would never
"confeſs that any thing was the matter
"with him;" adding, "that *ſhe never*
"*neglected her duty*—but he would never
"take her advice, and was ſo obſtinate

 "and

" and prejudiced againſt every thing *ſhe* " *could ſay.*" Thoſe who eſteemed him, adviſed her ſeriouſly to endeavour to prevail on him to have ſome good medical advice; but ſhe aſſured them it was totally in vain: indeed, he himſelf perſiſting, notwithſtanding his total loſs of ſpirits and appetite, that nothing was the matter with him, they were obliged to deſiſt, though not without lamenting a caſe which thoſe who poſſeſſed *much penetration*, knew to be out of the power of medicine to relieve.

Mrs. Greville returned from her London excurſion ſoon after Mrs. Leſlie ſettled at Gwilldegarth; where Lord Oakley called, notwithſtanding his former attachment to its miſtreſs, whom, he very good humouredly declared, he was very glad

glad to ſee again, as ſhe was a "d—l—ſh "pretty woman ſtill."

She received his Lordſhip's congratulations with civility, but with a repulſive air, to which even Lord Oakley was not inſenſible. He had gained a little more knowledge of the world ſince the time when he was ſo ſilly as to wiſh to marry her, and ſoon made no ſcruple of ſaying that he liked Mrs. Greville a thouſand times better, as "*Mrs. Leſlie's* "*d—d pride was quite out of character.*" This *ſentiment* his Lordſhip frequently repeated to Mrs. Greville, who derived much ſatisfaction from it, and amply repaid his Lordſhip by her own condeſcenſion. His viſits became ſo frequent at Morlais Caſtle as to increaſe Mr. Greville's cauſe for uneaſineſs. It is true

true that Mrs. Greville had long forfeited every claim to his love and eſteem; but ſtill *ſhe was his wife*, and it was impoſſible for Mr. Greville to be regardleſs of her honour, or, as a man of ſenſe and feeling, indifferent to her happineſs and welfare.

He found that his opinion of Mrs. Greville had been an erroneous one, that the motives which induced him to marry her had been equally ſo, and that to live with a woman who increaſed his diſlike daily, was the moſt miſerable of all ſituations.

It was impoſſible, however, for him not to reflect that the diſſimilarity of his own ſentiments and diſpoſition rendered him incapable of contributing to the happineſs of Mrs. Greville; and that

with

with a huſband more like herſelf, ſhe might have been a very different woman, as well as, doubtleſs, a happier.

Too juſt to wiſh evil to any one, Mr. Greville's ſolicitude for his wife's reputation was of a very different kind to that of ſome men, whoſe vanity alone induces them to wiſh to preſerve it.

The conduct of Lord Oakley, the knowledge of his own indifference to Mrs. Greville, and the conſciouſneſs of her want of principle, made him juſtly anxious to preſerve her, if poſſible, from the diſgrace and miſery which her vanity rendered it probable might be the conſequence of her acquaintance with Lord Oakley. Accordingly he took an opportunity of ſpeaking to her on the ſubject, which he did with all the delicacy it required.

He

He did not inſinuate a ſuſpicion of her own intentions being criminal, but he reminded her of Lord Oakley's character, the importance of circumſpection, and the danger of treating any man with ſo much attention, as was viſible in her behaviour to his Lordſhip; concluding his friendly advice by endeavouring to ſhow her the neceſſity of regarding her own honour and happineſs, ſince it was too plain ſhe had none for his.

This was the firſt time Mr. Greville had remonſtrated with his wife; as, indeed, it was the firſt in which he could hope that remonſtrance would produce any good effect. He was ſoon deprived of hope by her unwarranted anger; which ſhe expreſſed in

every

every term of reproach, both for his *vile accuſation*, and his behaviour to her ever ſince he had been her huſband; ſhowing the *meritorioufneſs* of her own conduct, by a recital of the manifold injuries ſhe had endured, lamenting her miſerable ſituation, and boaſting of her virtue; which ſhe finally proved that very evening beyond the poſſibility of miſrepreſentation, or being longer abuſed by her huſband—for ſhe left Morlais Caſtle for ever, *with Lord Oakley*. On the conſequences of this action, and Mr. Greville's feelings, ſilence is the beſt comment. The knowledge of the wiſe and the good will anticipate them.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

"This was a man." SHAKSPEARE.

SIR Edwin Lloyd, whom probably the reader may remember, was one of the firſt to congratulate Mrs. Leſlie on her return to England. Had not delicacy prevented him, he would have reproached her for omitting to apply to him in the diſtreſs which it was well known ſhe encountered on her father's diſcarding her; a circumſtance, like all family ſecrets, ſoon known to every body.

Sir

Sir Edwin was a man of very ſingular character. He poſſeſſed a large fortune, kept an hoſpitable houſe, was irreproachably juſt, and ſtudied the happineſs and comfort of all his dependents; but he was temperate, generous without oſtentation, liberal without profuſion, and wiſe without affectation; conſequently, very erroneous were the opinions commonly entertained of him.

Some ("fine fellows") declared him to be a *poor ſoul*; others pronounced him *ſtingy*; numbers thought him *very queer*; and many ſaid that he was *good for nothing*.

Still more erroneous was the general deciſion reſpecting his knowledge and ſentiments; for he very ſeldom ſpoke

in

in a way which *proclaimed himſelf* a wiſe man. No one could poſſibly think him deficient in ſenſe, but, excepting by people of great penetration, he was conſidered only as a man of good plain underſtanding and common abilities.

In the Houſe of Commons, of which he was a member, he ſeldom ſpoke; perhaps becauſe he thought that many who did ſo had better have remained ſilent; that truth is often obſcured by the confuſion of tongues, and rather bewildered amidſt the virulence of party and the vanity of orators. It may, therefore, be inferred that he was one of thoſe members who think it their duty to attend ſtrictly to parliamentary buſineſs, inſtead of conſidering the Houſe of Commons merely as a theatre for

for the public diſplay of their own abilities.

Attached to no party, and dupe to no ſect, his conduct there, like his conduct through life, was regulated by a ſincere wiſh to do right. His behaviour to his ſuperiors united with the ſenſe of independence the politeneſs of a gentleman, and to his inferiors offered a noble example.

The knowledge he poſſeſſed was a ſource of delight to himſelf, and often proved of eſſential ſervice in his advice to others, when conſulted.

His taſte in the fine arts was exquiſite; of which his houſe afforded many proofs; but as he ſeldom ſpoke of his own poſſeſſions, and did not obtain what was curious and admirable,

as a raree-ſhow for others, none but thoſe who "ſee with their own eyes" ever admired the various monuments of genius which he had ſelected.

His converſation generally turned upon trifles; and no man excelled more in keeping up the chit-chat which is admired in polite circles than himſelf. To gentlemen he ſeldom talked of any thing but hounds and horſes; particularly in the country. He had topics ſuited to ladies of all ages and diſpoſitions; and as he readily diſcovered the humour of thoſe with whom he converſed, he had the good fortune to be univerſally admired by them. He preſumed not to convince the young of the folly of dreſs, gaiety, and inordinate pleaſure; nor did he undertake the

the more hopeleſs enterpriſe of reforming the old.

Whatever were his opinions of virtue and vice, about which ſo much is ſaid in the world, he ſeldom harangued on either; and it was chiefly by his actions that his belief could be aſcertained.

After all that has been ſaid, it will be thought leſs wonderful that Sir Edwin Lloyd's character was little underſtood, his actions miſconſtrued, his virtues doubted, and his abilities never talked of: in fact, excepting thoſe who were dependent on him, or had an opportunity of proving his virtues, ſuch only as poſſeſſed the rare talent of diſcriminating with candour, were ever acquainted with his real character.

The congeniality of the characters of Sir Edwin Lloyd and Mr. Leſlie, and living near each other, ſoon produced an intimacy.

The event which had taken place at Morlais Caſtle was, of courſe, the converſation of the day with more than were intereſted in the welfare of its ſubjects. None lamented it more ſincerely than the gentlemen juſt mentioned, nor was Mrs. Leſlie's pity and regret leſs. She had freſh cauſe of grief in a letter which ſhe received, a ſhort time afterwards, from *Mrs. Llewellyn*; who, though ſhe affected to deſpiſe Mrs. Leſlie's ſpirit and diſpoſition, when ſhe could derive no benefit from it herſelf, was no ſooner in diſtreſs than ſhe endeavoured to avail herſelf of that good-

neſs

neſs which *ſhe knew Mrs. Leſlie poſſeſſed*, forgetful that ſhe once could not endure it. Mr. Llewellyn was now obliged to confeſs her goodneſs, *or truſt to it*, as will be ſeen by the following letter.—

" Caerwent, May 1.

" My dear Madam,

" Nothing but the moſt abſolute " diſtreſs, and the knowledge which " your father and myſelf have of the " excellence of your nature, could induce " me to addreſs you; or to preſume to " apply to you for that relief which we " ſo well know you ever delighted to " afford the unfortunate. As you have " it in your power to prevent it, I am " convinced you will not ſuffer a father " to languiſh in poverty and miſery, or

" abandon him in this diſtreſs. You
" will, I am ſure, excuſe me for con-
" cealing ſome of the unfortunate events
" from you which have reduced him to
" this ſituation. It is ſufficient, I
" know, to excite your compaſſion, to
" tell you, that by the moſt unforeſeen
" run of ill luck, and by accidents
" which all his ſkill and prudence could
" not prevent, he is abſolutely ruined.
" Shocked, indeed, am I to relate this;
" but it is too late to repent, or to think
" of the folly of truſting a comfortable
" independence to chance—which, in
" the moſt *cruel and fatal manner*, in
" one evening deprived him of every
" thing. It is in vain to ſay how much
" I cautioned him againſt that enter-
" priſing ſpirit which has now proved

" his

" his ruin, or how much my own pru-
" dent caution contributed to ſupport
" him in affluence. Reproaches are
" now uſeleſs; but it is very hard, as
" every body muſt think, for his folly
" to have brought this miſery and diſ-
" grace on me. Your kind, generous
" heart, will, I am ſure, pity my ſuf-
" ferings; and gueſs what was my
" diſtreſs, when on writing to my
" daughter I received a few lines from
" *Mr. Greville*, informing me that I
" muſt in future apply to Lord Oakley
" for her. Wicked, deluded wretch!
" I diſcard her from my heart for ever.
" Her poor unfortunate ſiſter is now
" with me at this miſerable cottage,
" where we are obliged to take ſhelter
" to eſcape the perſecutions of Mr.
" Llewellyn's creditors.

" What we are to do, Heaven only
" knows! Sir Henry's generoſity will
" ſurely prevent his father from ſtarving,
" but Mr. Llewellyn cannot humble
" himſelf to write to him; and, indeed,
" it is only privately that I dare addreſs
" you. But I know your goodneſs ſo
" well, that I am convinced you will
" never ſee your father a beggar; and
" I dare ſay you will have no objection
" to repreſent this fatal event to his ſon.
" The Glendarran eſtate muſt, alas!
" be ſold immediately. But I cannot
" bear to diſtreſs you by repeating all
" the miſery to which we are reduced.
" I leave it to your excellent ſenſe and
" diſpoſition to aſſiſt him in this diſ-
" treſs: a gaol is unavoidable, unleſs
" his ſon and daughters will uſe their
" endea-

" endeavours to prevent it. My poor
" child unites in beſt remembrance to
" you, and her kind friends in Wales,
" with your wretched mother,

" SARAH LLEWELLYN."

The following letters will beſt explain Mrs. Leſlie's conduct, and that of all Mr. Llewellyn's children, in this affair.

" Gwilldegarth, May 2d, 1797.

" MADAM,

" THE miſery of a father is a circum-
" ſtance too dreadful for me to be ac-
" quainted with, without immediately
" exerting every power to relieve him.
" I inſtantly imparted the contents of

" your moſt diſtreſsful letter to my huſ-
" band, who accompanied me directly
" to my brother. His feelings on the
" occaſion it is impoſſible to imagine,
" but from the knowledge of his inten-
" tions.

" The actual ſituation of Lady Ce-
" cilia renders it impoſſible for him to
" leave her for a few days; but, when
" his anxiety on her account is relieved,
" he will fly to his father, and endea-
" vour to give that conſolation which
" he truſts he has in ſome degree the
" power of bringing. My father will
" then have cauſe to glory in his ſon,
" and to admire the generoſity of Lady
" Cecilia. Lord Margam is not leſs
" favourably diſpoſed. Of my ſiſter
" and myſelf I need only ſay, that how-

" ever

" ever painful it may be to ſee our fa-
" ther's ſituation lay him under pecu-
" niary obligations, we rejoice that
" thoſe deareſt to us poſſeſs the means
" of giving him relief.

" I ſhall write to him, in the hope
" that the affection of his children may
" afford him ſome conſolation.

" Pray accept, without mentioning
" it to my father, of the encloſed, which
" my ſiſter intends immediately to add
" to, in a manner that may remove all
" preſent diſtreſs. Let me repeat, that
" I hope you will, if poſſible, keep this
" from his knowledge, and write to me
" every particular which can enable us
" to be of further ſervice. Believe me
" in the ſtricteſt ſenſe, your friend,

" CHARLOTTE LESLIE."

"My dear Father,

"My knowledge of your ſituation "muſt induce you to pardon me for "addreſſing you. I ſhould be moſt "ungrateful, if, in return for your early "care and protection, I could be for-"getful of your claim to my moſt re-"ſpectful love.

"Accept, my dear Sir, we beſeech "you, without ſcruple, that protec-"tion which your children are now ſo "fortunate to have the power of offer-"ing you; and may it prove the means "of reſtoring them to your affection! "Do not reject, my father, the pro-"ſpect of happineſs which a confidence "in your children's regard will ſecure "to you: and Heaven grant that you

"may

" may long enjoy the comfort to which
" they will make it the ſtudy of their
" lives to contribute.

" Your ſon will wait upon you as
" ſoon as his wife's ſituation will per-
" mit. Euphemia will be moſt happy
" to receive you, as will, whenever it is
" either agreeable or convenient to
" yourſelf,

" Dear Sir,

" Your affectionate daughter,

" CHARLOTTE LESLIE."

The effect of theſe letters was, firſt, very ſevere reproaches from Mr. Llewellyn to his wife, for having betrayed their ſituation (though on the verge of abſolute diſtreſs), lamentations for his own *ill luck*, and, finally, laying all the fault on *fate*, with the

declaration that he would never play again, but accept his children's protection. Mrs. Leſlie's letter, indeed, awoke thoſe feelings which had ſo long lain dormant; on a firſt view it increaſed his mortification, but when he read it a ſecond time, nature and virtue triumphed; he burſt into tears, and exclaimed,

"Oh what children I had loſt!"

Even Mrs. Llewellyn was not inſenſible to his emotion; ſhe was ſoftened by miſery, and in her weakneſs ſhowed him Mrs. Leſlie's letter to herſelf. Mr. Llewellyn was conquered; he for ſome time indulged tears which he had long forgot to ſhed, and in order to relieve his mind from a burden of conſcious guilt,

guilt, which he could no longer ſupport, he wrote, to his daughter Charlotte, ſuch a letter as repentance and the feelings of the moment dictated.

In a few days Sir Henry Llewellyn arrived at the cottage where his father had ſecreted himſelf, relieved him from agony by his kind behaviour, and from the apprehenſions which he entertained of the impoſſibility of being reſtored to the comforts of life, or recovering the affections of his children.

Mrs. Leſlie and Euphemia ſent by him ſuch letters as ſuch daughters only could write, which Mr. Llewellyn received in a manner that gave his ſon the pleaſing hope of his repentance not being merely occaſioned by momentary diſtreſs.

He informed his father (who told him every circumſtance relative to his affairs) that, as the Glendarran eſtate *muſt be ſold*, he would be the purchaſer. Lord Margam, he ſaid, had authorized him to ſay, that if he choſe there to enjoy the comfortable retreat which it was the joint wiſh of his children and their huſbands to procure for him, Glendarran Houſe would be immediately given up by Lord and Lady Margam. This, Sir Henry ſaid, was no ſacrifice in them, as Mr. Greville had that week quitted Morlais Caſtle, leaving no other account of his intentions, than a very melancholy but affectionate letter to himſelf and Lord Margam, wherein he requeſted them to ſell Morlais Caſtle for him, to depoſit the

the money from the ſale in the hands of his banker in town; and to prove their regard for him by making no further inquiries concerning him.

Sir Henry then informed his father what annuity he himſelf inſiſted on his accepting, which the duty he owed to his children, he ſaid, prevented from being adequate to the fortune he could wiſh his father to enjoy: but Lord Margam and Mr. Leſlie, he had no doubt, would inſiſt upon making ſome conſiderable addition to it.

The extreme generoſity of his children, together with the miſery and diſtreſs to which he was reduced, produced changes in Mr. Llewellyn, that nothing elſe could have effected. The revolutions in his feelings were indeed inſtan-

inſtantaneous; but ſudden reſolutions of amendment, made rather under the influence of the paſſions, than founded on judgment, cannot be expected to produce permanent effects: and Sir Henry Llewellyn, who knew this well, ſhowed the trueſt regard for his father, by perſuading him earneſtly to return to Glendarran Houſe, and ſeek for future happineſs, in participating that of his children. Pride at firſt reſiſted reaſon and ſound advice; but Mr. Llewellyn at length thanked his ſon, and told him, that he would return to Glendarran Houſe. He ſolemnly vowed, that he never would again ſee London; and renounced all connexion with his former acquaintance.

On

On this Sir Henry founded his hopes of his father's laſting repentance; doubting not but a ſhort time ſpent amidſt his family would convince him of the reality of the happineſs which reigned around Glendarran. On the morning before he quitted home, Lady Cecilia had preſented him with another boy; this obliged him to leave his father, which he did; giving all the aſſiſtance in his power by his advice concerning his affairs, and requeſting him to bring Mrs. Llewellyn and her daughter Miſs Emma Gunnings, who was with them, to Glendarran, as ſoon as was agreeable to them. Mr. Llewellyn thanked him in a way ſomewhat proportioned to his kindneſs; but ſaid, he was too ill to move, which was very true, as far as reſpected

reſpected his health, but much more ſo with regard to thoſe feelings which prevented him then from expecting an increaſe of any thing but their poignancy on again ſeeing Glendarran. Sir Henry perceiving this, on his return home, communicated the ſucceſs of his journey to Lord Margam and the other parts of his family; who ſoon agreed, that Sir Henry ſhould immediately purchaſe Glendarran Houſe, ſatisfy his father's creditors, and preſent it to him, as a reſidence for life, in the ſtate it then was. Lord Margam reſolved to ſell his eſtate in Scotland, and purchaſe Morlais Caſtle; which, on every account, was more ſuitable for him than Glendarran Houſe. Accordingly, Mr. Llewellyn was informed of their intentions;

tions; and, when all his affairs were ſettled, took poſſeſſion once more of a place which he had loſt by his folly, and was reſtored to by his ſon's affection.—The time that intervened before this arrangement could be made, he paſſed at the ſea-ſide, where his health became in a degree re-eſtabliſhed, and his affections awakened by every letter which he received from his children. As their regard for him was founded on principles which nothing could deſtroy, their wiſh to promote his real good continued unabated; and, when they ſaw him again ſettled at Glendarran, they experienced the reality of his contrition for his paſt conduct to them, and perceived the delight which their uninterrupted felicity afforded him. They then formed

the

the fondeſt hopes for his increaſing ſatisfaction.

To his grandchildren he was attached by a new ſpecies of affection; their infant ſenſe and gaiety afforded him a conſtant entertainment, which he had before been a ſtranger to; their affectionate diſpoſitions forced him to love them, and the conduct of their parents obliged him to feel, that uniform goodneſs and generoſity cannot but produce ſome effect in thoſe to whom they are conſtantly exerted; and that, however a parent may have neglected to cheriſh the affection of one, the forgiveneſs and unvarying attachment of a child cannot avoid eventually producing the pureſt love and eſteem.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

" O wonder! how much gentler is he grown!"
HOMER.

TO ſay that Mr. Llewellyn's heart was totally transformed by the behaviour of his children would be preſumptuous, but that it was changed is certain. No ſuch effect however had it on Mrs. Llewellyn; though affluence, circumſtances, and ſituation, gave a different appearance to her character. She was arrived at a period when what are called *the comforts of life* have peculiar charms: therefore when fixed

fixed at Glendarran Houſe, ſhe was, as far as ſuch a woman can be—contented. The *advantages* of being on good terms with every part of Mr. Llewellyn's family, were now too obvious for her not to ſtudy to pleaſe them by every method in her power; accordingly, like thoſe who make their behaviour ſubſervient to their intereſt, her conduct was moſt obſequious.

This, though none of them wanted penetration ſufficient to diſcover, yet they candidly allowed for her ſituation, and ſubmitted to various fulſome proofs of her cunning and diſſimulation, which, under other circumſtances, might have been expoſed.

All the intelligence which was received of Mrs. Greville was, that ſhe

ſhe and Lord Oakley were at his ſeat in Yorkſhire. Of Mr. Greville no intelligence could be gained: thoſe who were moſt intereſted concerning him never were heard to mention his name.

The firſt interruption to the happineſs of the families at Gwilldegarth was the death of Sir Henry's infant child. Lady Cecilia, who was ſtill more a woman than a philoſopher, was for ſome time inconſolable; and it was a hard taſk for her huſband to diſguiſe his own regrets ſufficiently to ſhow her the poſſibility of ſubmitting with compoſure to ſuch afflictions. But nothing contributed ſo much to reconcile her to the loſs ſhe had ſuſtained as the following incident, which we will faithfully relate.

Before

Before Lady Cecilia's grief permitted her to viſit her friends or to receive them, as uſual, though her huſband had often remonſtrated on the injuſtice of indulging vain regrets, one day ſhe was informed that a ſtranger requeſted to ſee her: on her ſaying, that ſhe could not bear the company of any one, the ſervant (who had lived with Lady Cecilia ever ſince ſhe was married) ſaid, "that it was a lady who ſeemed in "great diſtreſs." His miſtreſs did juſtice to his diſcernment, by telling him to admit the lady, to offer her ſome refreſhment in the mean while, and that ſhe would ſoon wait on her. When ſhe had collected herſelf as much as poſſible, ſhe went down to the lady, and was immediately ſtruck with the re-

reſemblance of ſomebody whom ſhe had ſeen before. The ſtranger obſerving Lady Cecilia to be in mourning, approached her, took her hand, and preſſing it, ſaid—

" And are you too miſerable?"

Indiſtinct ideas were awoke by her voice, and agonizing ones by her words: Lady Cecilia's tears flowed afreſh; the ſtranger again preſſed her hand, and ſaid—

" Oh, my friend! you are not ſo " wretched as I am, for you can weep!"

Her voice again ſtrangely agitated Lady Cecilia, who exclaimed—

" Tell me! who can you be?"

" Try to compoſe yourſelf," replied the ſtranger, " and I will. You have, I " ſee, forgot me—but I have paſſed ſeven

" years of miſery ſince I called you " my friend! and ours was only the " friendſhip which pleaſure and pro- " ſperity create.——At leaſt, you " have not forgotten the name of the " Ducheſs de ——."

" My God!" ſaid Lady Cecilia, with the utmoſt aſtoniſhment, " can it be " poſſible?"

The lady turned away her eyes, and repeated—

" Yes, I do indeed live!"

" Oh, Heavens! but how came you " here—and thus?" aſked Lady Cecilia, in the moſt compaſſionating voice and manner.

" Let us ſit down, and I will tell " you," replied the lady, who ſaw her agitation.

"I came to you," continued ſhe, "on an errand that I think will lead "you to pardon me; but I am greatly "fatigued: excuſe my incoherency— "you are miſerable too, I perceive."

"But how did you come?—How "pale you look!" exclaimed Lady Cecilia.

"My walk has overcome me," ſaid the lady.

"Walk!—And is it poſſible that you "have walked?"

"Lady Cecilia," replied the Ducheſs, "I am no longer miſtreſs of the "gay equipages, or the ſplendid houſe "in town where you knew me;—but "theſe are trifling evils!"

"Juſt God!" ſhe piouſly ejaculated.

" But your children! — where are " they?"

" In the grave, my friend!" ſhe replied, ſeizing Lady Cecilia's hand, and looking at her with all the ſtedfaſtneſs of agony.

" What! all dead!"

" They are all gone—for ever!" replied ſhe, in a tremulous voice.

" *Then let me not be ungrateful!*" fervently ſaid Lady Cecilia, whoſe tears prevented her from uttering more.

" Alas! I did not come to make " you miſerable," ſaid the ſtranger.

" No, I have cauſe to be happy: I " have children ſtill," ſaid ſhe, emphatically.—" But where is your huſ- " band?"

" Aſk

" Aſk no more!" replied ſhe, in a tone which made Lady Cecilia ſuſpend farther inquiry.

She perceived that the unfortunate ſtranger ſtood in need of repoſe; and, ſuppreſſing her own feelings, ſhe endeavoured to conſole her gueſt; not by unavailing expreſſions of compaſſion; but kindly preſſing her hand, ſaid—" Come, my friend, talk no more at " preſent; you ſhall now try to com- " poſe yourſelf—you indeed need reſt. " Conſider! I have ſpent many happy " days in your houſe: remember you " are now in mine."

This effected more than ten thouſand proteſtations of pity could have done. The unfortunate lady wept, and at length exclaimed—

"Oh my God! I thank thee for "theſe tears!"

Lady Cecilia rang for her own maid; and tenderly inſiſted on the Ducheſs de —— endeavouring to obtain ſome repoſe: ſhe ſaw her to her apartment, and left her, but not before the unfortunate lady piouſly liſted up her eyes to heaven, and ſaid—

"*O mon Dieu! ſi je vis encore, c'eſt "à vous à qui j'eu ſuis redevable.*"

On Lady Cecilia's return to her own apartment, ſhe found her huſband tenderly anxious to learn the cauſe of her abſence; of which ſhe informed him as minutely as her agitation permitted. Upon her mentioning the name of the lady, he exclaimed—

"Gra-

" Gracious God! can it be poſſi-
" ble?"

" Surely you do not know her!" aſked Lady Cecilia.

" Not know her!" replied he: " her
" hotel, when I was at Paris, was al-
" moſt my home!"

" Merciful Heaven!"

" But where did *you* ſee her?" aſked Sir Henry, in aſtoniſhment.

" Why, ſhe was the delight of every
" circle in my days of gaiety;" anſwered Lady Cecilia.

" True," continued he; " ſhe was, I
" recollect, in England, with the Duke
" and her lovely children, in the year
" eighty-ſeven."

" Yes!" continued Lady Cecilia;
" and ſome circumſtances requiring him

" to return to his eſtates in France,
" ſhe ſtaid behind for a ſhort time, as
" ſhe intended; but, on the change of
" affairs, he judged it proper to remain
" in France, which he did, inſiſting
" on her continuing with her children
" in London. She then left the elegant
" houſe, where ſhe had lived in ſuch
" ſplendour with her huſband, and re-
" tired to a ſmaller, but where I viſited
" her, as I was uncommonly delighted
" with her acquaintance.

" Since I quitted London, though I
" have repeatedly inquired of my cor-
" reſpondents concerning her, I could
" never obtain any other anſwer, than
" that no one could diſcover where
" ſhe was, as ſhe had never been
" ſeen in public after ſhe had changed

" her

" her houſe. This was all I could " learn. But her ſweet children—oh, " my huſband!—they are all gone for " ever!"

Sir Henry wiped away her tears, and availing himſelf of this noble leſſon to mortality, reminded her of the cauſe for gratitude which thoſe more fortunate ought not to forget.

Lady Cecilia was conſcious of the juſtice of the remark, and ceaſed to lament the loſs ſhe had ſuſtained.

Sir Henry entered into a detail of the hiſtory of the unfortunate Ducheſs de ——. She was, he ſaid, a woman of ſuperior merit; born in the higheſt rank of ſociety, in a country where the diſtinctions of birth were held in reverential reſpect, ſhe diſplayed in her

manners and diſpoſition the noble deſire of being pre-eminent only in her virtues. After ſhe became wife to the Duke de ——, that ſhe retained the ſame deſire, her conduct clearly evinced. Without affecting to cenſure others, ſhe ſometimes partook of the amuſements which commonly engaged all the attention of the Pariſian ladies; but her chief ſtudy was moral and intellectual improvement. He ſaid, that it was her huſband's happineſs to let her purſue the dictates of her own inclination; while, inſtead of conſuming his fortune in frivolous pleaſures, ſhe employed it to more praiſeworthy purpoſes: her houſe was open to diſtreſſed merit, and ſhe herſelf the patron of genius and virtue.

He

He ſpoke with enthuſiaſm of her knowledge in the fine arts, which ſhe had at firſt acquired by early application, and afterwards improved in the converſation of men of genius, whoſe acquaintance ſhe cultivated.

Lady Cecilia well remembered her uncommon talents, and was touched with the moſt poignant ſorrow when ſhe reflected on her preſent ſituation; for, though ſhe was not acquainted with all, ſhe could eaſily anticipate, from her preſent faded form, the information of her children's death, and the knowledge of the extreme poverty to which many women of ſimilar rank were then reduced. Sir Henry explained how he had been fortunately introduced to ſuch a family in France,

and related many circumſtances, which greatly increaſed the concern of both for her preſent ſituation. It was ſome conſolation, in the mean while, to hope that as a perſon of ſuch merit, and to whom he had been ſo much obliged, was reduced to diſtreſs, he might have an opportunity at leaſt to alleviate it in ſome degree.

The generous Lady Cecilia formed various plans in imagination for the future comfort of her unfortunate gueſt, whom ſhe ſoon viſited, and found in a ſtate of apparent compoſure, from which Lady Cecilia's kind inquiries arouſed her.

"Oh!" ſaid ſhe, "now I know "where I am—I have been *aſleep*, I "believe; or elſe I have been in a happy "dream."

Lady

Lady Cecilia uſed every mean in her power to ſooth her, which at length had the deſired effect, and ſhe rapidly uttered, "Thank you! thank you! it is "long ſince I have heard the voice of "compaſſion—but tell me of your "huſband."

"Be aſſured he will rejoice to ſee "you; he will aſſiſt me to endeavour "to make you happy," ſaid Lady Cecilia, in the moſt impreſſive manner.

"Oh my God, then I am not miſ-"taken!" exclaimed the unfortunate lady. "*I* do, indeed, *remember him*— "but I will not think of paſt times: "has he then not forgot my name?"

"Forgot you! no, dear Madam; "my huſband has a grateful heart—he "can never forget ſuch an eſtimable "friend!"

"Then I too am grateful," ſaid the lady. She ſeemed ſtill exhauſted, and Lady Cecilia entreated her not to ſpeak, but endeavour to obtain more repoſe.

The Ducheſs looked her thanks, adding, "My friend, you little know "what pity is to the miſerable and de- "ſtitute! I am ſurely well—*for I think* "*I have ſlept!* and *I can weep!*"

Lady Cecilia perceived that tears ſeemed to afford her relief, and left her for a ſhort time at liberty to indulge them alone, in hopes they might conduce to compoſe her.

Her expectations were not vain; for on her return to the Ducheſs de ——'s apartment, ſhe had the pleaſure of ſeeing her apparently tranquil.

"Ah, my friend," ſaid ſhe, "this is "not

" not the way in which I ought to re-
" pay you for your kindneſs; permit
" me to ariſe, and acquaint you with
" my buſineſs."

This Lady Cecilia prevented her from doing, inſiſting upon it, that for the preſent ſhe ſhould only endeavour to regain compoſure, and conſider herſelf as in her own houſe. Finding that this only increaſed the agitation of the unfortunate ſtranger, ſhe deſiſted from ſpeaking; but as that did not ſeem to effect her purpoſe, ſhe then aſked if ſhe could bear to ſee Sir Henry.

" Oh, I ſhould be moſt happy!" replied ſhe.

On his appearance the Ducheſs de —— was much agitated; but in a ſhort time his kind aſſurances of ſincere regard,

gard, and real deſire to repay, if poſſible, his former obligations, rendered her leſs wretched than ſhe had long been.

He found that the prudent plan which ſhe adopted on the change of affairs in France, had not been ſufficient to ſecure her from the moſt diſtreſsful poverty, though the Duke's poſſeſſions in other countries had long procured her ſufficient credit to ſupport herſelf and her three children in all the comfort ſhe thought it right to enjoy, at a time when ſo many of her fellow-countrywomen were in abject want. But that was the ſmalleſt of her diſtreſſes: a complaint, to which ſhe was a ſtranger (the croup), ſeized her children, and in three days ſhe loſt the ob-

jects

jects who had made retirement happineſs. Still her cup was not full. Her huſband, to whom ſhe had been moſt fondly attached, but whoſe letters became leſs frequent (which ſhe partly attributed to the ſituation of his country), returned no anſwer to thoſe which informed him of her irreparable loſs. For a long twelvemonth ſhe ſuffered the moſt anxious uncertainty, till at length ſhe heard that her huſband had not ſhared the fate of many of his equals in rank, as ſhe apprehended, but that he was divorced from herſelf by the new laws in France, and married to a young girl who was the child of her former ſervant.

This was more than ſhe was able to ſupport. After the knowledge of this event

event it appeared that the Ducheſs had remained for ſome months in a ſtate approaching to moſt ſhocking inſanity, attended only by the ſervant whom ſhe retained on exchanging the ſituation ſhe had been accuſtomed to, for one which her principles made her conſider as moſt ſuitable.

"From this ſtate," ſaid ſhe, "I was "aroufed by the information that the "money which I entruſted to my ſer- "vant's care, to procure her neceſſary "wants, was nearly expended. I was "pennyleſs, and had no huſband; my "griefs prevented me from making "thoſe exertions by which ſo many "of my meritorious countrywomen "have ſupported themſelves; the owner "of my apartments demanded pay-

"ment

" ment for them, and I was obliged to
" exert myſelf ſo far as to write to one
" of my affluent friends, who, indeed,
" generouſly ſent me a ſufficient ſum to
" relieve me from immediate diſtreſs,
" but who accompanied it with accounts
" of the numbers of ſuch objects pre-
" venting me from receiving any con-
" ſiderable relief, adviſing me to exert
" thoſe numerous powers which I poſ-
" ſeſſed, for obtaining a comfortable
" ſubſiſtence.

" Alas! I found that miſery deprived
" me of the power of exerting them with
" ſucceſs, or of being ſedulous to pre-
" ſerve an exiſtence which I knew not
" how to ſupport. Yet I reaſoned with
" myſelf—I remembered the many years
" I had ſpent in happineſs and gran-

" deur,

" deur, and I began to reflect, that hav-
" ing for ſo long a portion of my life
" enjoyed bleſſings and advantages
" which few experienced, I ought to
" be grateful for the paſt, and reſigned
" to the future. I then perceived that
" it was a duty to exert the faculties
" which I had been ſo fortunate as to
" have poſſeſſed ſuch extraordinary
" means of improving; and, if pleaſure
" could not be derived from my efforts,
" yet that ſatisfaction might yet ariſe, if
" I could thereby contribute to the re-
" lief of thoſe who were even more de-
" ſtitute than myſelf. Accordingly I
" diſmiſſed my attendant, left my lodg-
" ings with credit to myſelf, and from
" the remains of my friend's preſent,
" hired a room in a more obſcure ſitua-
" tion.

" tion. I then recollected that I had
" ſome jewels and valuable ornaments,
" which I immediately ſold, and which
" afforded me the means of enjoying a
" temporary repoſe at a time when my
" health, as well as my feelings, ren-
" dered it nearly impoſſible for me to
" exert myſelf ſufficiently to enable me
" to procure the common neceſſaries
" of life by my talents. I purchaſed
" drawing materials; yet, though I
" found ſome relief in employment,
" the idea of neceſſity diveſted it of its
" former charms, and the weakneſs of
" my frame deprived me of the power
" of employing my knowledge in the
" art with my former ſpirit, or the accu-
" racy neceſſary to render my produc-
" tions ſaleable.

" I was

" I was therefore obliged to lay aſide
" my pencil, and miſery forced me
" again to apply to a lady who had
" formerly called herſelf my friend.
" She told me that misfortunes were too
" common to be attended to; that her
" charity had more claims on it than
" her fortune could ſupport, but that,
" as ſhe ſincerely pitied me, ſhe ad-
" viſed me to apply to her friend Lady
" Cecilia Llewellyn. I did not then
" know whom ſhe meant, but the name
" of Llewellyn raiſed many painful ideas
" of remembrance. I aſked her to
" whom ſhe alluded, and received the
" intelligence of your union with a
" gentleman whom I had not forgotten;
" ſhe it was who gave me your direc-
" tion, and warmly recommended it to

" me

" me to go to you. Pardon my pre-
" ſumption, my dear Lady Cecilia; I
" did not come to intrude on your
" bounty—but, with only a few guineas
" remaining, and no power to procure
" more, I thought I could not ſpend
" them better than in travelling to ſee
" if I had one friend on earth before I
" died.—I am now happy."

The Ducheſs de —— ceaſed ſpeaking; Lady Cecilia and her huſband were deeply affected with her narrative. They endeavoured to conſole her by their aſſurance of their future protection, entreated her to ſtrive to regain compoſure, and ſaid, that whilſt they had a home it ſhould be hers.

" Oh, my friends," replied ſhe, fervently, " do not think that I can be an

" intruder on your generoſity. If you " will, indeed, permit me to remain " with you till I can regain my health, " if it be poſſible, I ſhall be moſt thank- " ful; and though life is no longer a " bleſſing, yet I will try to endure it, " and to ſupport myſelf through the " few remaining days, which will not " be totally devoid of pleaſure, ſince " I find that I have two friends on " earth."

They judiciouſly permitted her to enjoy her preſent ſatisfaction, and concealed their future intentions; Sir Henry kindly reminding her of the many obligations he owed her, and begging her to accept his offered protection, as what he ſhould ever conſider ſhe had a right to.

Lady

Lady Cecilia ordered a ſervant to attend her, who, ſhe told her gueſt, was from that time her own; deſiring her to conſider herſelf free from all conſtraint, and to give ſuch orders as would be moſt conducive to her own comfort. Having in the moſt endearing manner repeated her injunctions, fearing to fatigue her by further ſolicitations, Lady Cecilia departed, to lament with her huſband the misfortunes which had befallen this truly great and amiable woman.

In a ſhort time, by their ſkilful management, the Ducheſs appeared more compoſed, and daily ſhowed more ſatisfaction in her ſituation, though ſhe ſtill retained the idea of leaving them when her health was reſtored. As ſoon

as propriety permitted, they ſtrove to relieve her mind as much as poſſible, by acquainting her with a plan which Sir Henry and Lady Cecilia mutually projected.

To permit ſuch a woman, under ſuch circumſtances, to earn the trifling ſum requiſite for her ſupport, when they enjoyed ſo much of the ſuperfluity of the goods of fortune; and moreover, when ſhe had been a friend to one, as well as an admired acquaintance to the other, was an action of which Sir Henry and Lady Cecilia Llewellyn were incapable; nor did any motives of prudence oblige them to heſitate in offering her an eſtabliſhment ſuitable to her, and moſt likely to enſure her quiet and contentment.

On

On Lady Cecilia's extenſive eſtate were many houſes which ſhe could well ſpare, and one in particular, built as an ornament to the park of Glendarran, which, otherwiſe than as a pleaſant retreat, unleſs for an entertainment in a ſummer's day, was never uſed. Its ſituation was delightful, and both Lady Cecilia and her huſband rejoiced that they poſſeſſed it, when they formed the pleaſing hope that it might be converted into a retreat for the Ducheſs de ——. They accordingly began to make alterations, and to ſtudy to render it as agreeable to the taſte of ſuch a perſon as poſſible; flattering themſelves that in time ſhe would regain ſufficient reſolution to employ her ſuperior talents,

as a ſource of amuſement; which, together with their own attentions to her, and thoſe of their family, they truſted would in ſome degree reſtore her tranquillity.

The ſociety of a perſon of ſo much genius and merit, Sir Henry and his wife knew how to value; had they therefore been guided by merely ſelfiſh motives, they would have propoſed to the Ducheſs to remain at Glendarran Caſtle; but they well knew that more retirement than ſhe could enjoy there was neceſſary to tranquillize her mind. They believed that ſhe would feel more independent when left to her own inclination; and as often as they mentioned the ſubject to her, they endeavoured to impreſs the idea, that it would ſo highly

contri-

contribute to their own gratification to have her ſettled near them, that the obligation, on a fair eſtimate, would lie on their part.

When thoſe who have the power of doing good, are thus ſenſible of their own happineſs, it cannot fail to contribute to that of the objects of their beneficence.

The Ducheſs received the intimation of the purpoſe of Sir Henry and Lady Cecilia with emotions of gratitude which were indeed painful; but with a proſpect of happineſs in accepting their protection, which ſhe believed nothing on earth could have realized.

They who conſider pecuniary obligations as of the firſt importance, may think that ſtill the idea of dependence

muſt exclude the poſſibility of content-ment; but it ſhould be remembered, that there was a time when the Ducheſs de —— conſidered fortune only valu-able as it afforded the means of doing good; that ſhe eſteemed a ſpirit of li-berality the greateſt bleſſing of life; and though not inſenſible to the diſtinction of *receiving favours* and *beſtowing them*, yet ſhe felt aſſured that it would afford Sir Henry and Lady Cecilia ſincere plea-ſure to ſerve her; and that the princi-pal ſatisfaction ſhe could herſelf in fu-ture enjoy, would be in the exerciſe of gratitude to heaven and them for a re-ſtoration to the comforts of life. In friendſhip, competence, and retirement, they ſtill exiſted; and theſe the Ducheſs poſſeſſed a mind capable of enjoying,

not-

notwithſtanding the deprivations ſhe had ſuſtained.

The reader will anticipate the effect which time and the inceſſant attentions of Lady Cecilia and her ſiſters will produce in a mind ſo accompliſhed as that of this amiable woman.

CHAP. X.

"What can they wiſh that they enjoy not here?"
COWPER.

MRS. Leſlie, on her return to England, endeavoured, by every method in her power, to expreſs her gratitude for the eſſential ſervice which Mr. and Mrs. Barker had rendered her, and in this her huſband moſt warmly concurred. As they were above pecuniary conſiderations, it was done in a manner that amply repaid them. Mrs. Barker had long lived with her brother; all the other

other ſervants who formerly reſided at Glendarran Houſe, ſtill continued with Lady Margam; and there was little change in their hiſtory, excepting that Phœbe was rewarded by a declaration of love from Sir Henry Llewellyn's coachman. This afforded her miſtreſs an opportunity of teſtifying her ſenſe of Phœbe's faithful ſervices, by a handſome marriage portion, to which Lord Margam added, by placing the intended huſband in an excellent farm. Mrs. Rees, who was ſtill houſekeeper at Glendarran Caſtle, was highly delighted with all this, as ſhe thought John Thomas one of the *tidieſt*, ſobereſt, beſt-tempered men that ever lived. She undertook *herſelf* to make all the *ſweet bread* for the wedding, and to give di-

rections for the dinner, which was to be, contrary to Welſh cuſtom, a part of the entertainment of the day, as Sir Henry's, Lord Margam's, and Mr. Leſlie's families were to be preſent.

This important affair ſoon engaged much of the attention of the inferior ranks around Glendarran, as well as of their ſuperiors; for it muſt not be thought that ſuch people as John Thomas and Phœbe Jones go to the altar together in Wales with as little parade as attends the weddings of people of conſequence in England.

Every body talked of Thomas and Phœbe's intended marriage; every body ſmiled when the bans were publiſhed, though amidſt *fifteen* others; and every body prepared a wedding gift. The

houſe

houſe was, indeed, already furniſhed by the good people whom they ſerved; but that did not preclude the neceſſity of all who heard of the intended nuptials attending, and making the cuſtomary preſents.

Great were the preparations on all hands for this feſtival; a ſhort time before which, the *meſſenger*, carrying a long pole, dreſſed with ribands, &c. arrived at Glendarran Caſtle, and left the following invitation, which was, as uſual, preſented to all the neighbouring families of high and low degree:

"A MESSENGER and inviter I am to "the landlord and landlady of the "houſe, and all the family, as they "ariſe and ſleep, thoſe that likes to

" go to the wedding of John Thomas
" and Phœbe Jones. She came from my
" Lord Margam's, and he came from
" the Right Hon. Sir Henry Llew-
" ellyn's, and they goes to live at the
" Garth farm. There will be two mu-
" ſics, to divert you to eat, and to di-
" vert you to dance; there will be plain
" ale and ſweet ale, and all other things
" according to their fortune; only ac-
" quaint the waiter which.

" A large ſnuff-box will be handed
" round, if you chooſe to take a pinch.

" WILLIAM OWEN is the Harper,
" THOMAS JONES, Muſician,

AND

" JOHN EDWARDS is the Inviter."

This

This invitation was accepted by every part of the Llewellyn family, which aſſembled at Lord Margam's on the day previous to the wedding, to witneſs the curious ceremony of *courting*, which was performed very gallantly by John Thomas; who bore away his bride in triumph the enſuing morning, preceded by the harpers and *muſicians*, followed by a gay and happy multitude.

The ceremony over, and the harper, according to ancient privilege, having firſt ſaluted the bride, they proceeded to the Garth farm, where the little parlour was appropriated to the *nobility*, who experienced much pleaſure in witneſſing the jollity of the ſcene, and returned thanks and ſmiles to their happy dependents, when they drank to the me-

mory of their anceſtors, though Lady Cecilia could hardly refrain from laughter, when they drank to the health of Lady Janes and Lady Judy's, who had been dead at leaſt a hundred years. The condeſcending affability of the ſuperiors was known to all preſent, conſequently laid no reſtraint on an aſſembly whoſe innocent enjoyments it was their wiſh to increaſe. They were amply gratified, and all returned to their homes delighted with the events of the day.

It formed a long ſubject for converſation with the children, who attended Phœbe's wedding, and afforded the young ladies infinite pleaſure in learning to uſe their needles, when they found

how much the work-bags and thread-caſes which they preſented were valued by her; for ſhe told them "that ſhe "would keep them for their ſakes as "long as ſhe lived."

The boys having only a portion to ſpare out of the ſmall ſum which their parents allowed them for charitable purpoſes, to teſtify their love to Phœbe and Thomas the coachman, they requeſted of their mammas to purchaſe ſomething for them "better than money."

As no ſentiments but of being good, and doing good, were cultivated in theſe young gentlemen (who had not yet been at Eton or Weſtminſter), it occaſioned much debate before they could decide which could be the *very beſt* preſent they could make; till Lord Mar-

Margam's ſon ſtarted a very lucky idea, which was immediately approved; and their parents, when informed, purchaſed what their conſiderate children thought would be moſt uſeful to Thomas and Phœbe.

A *private education* was mutually preferred by the Llewellyn family; which as fortunately united in the determination of having no eſtabliſhment in London. No pleaſures to be found there could increaſe the happineſs of the brotherhood at Glendarran; nor had their wives any inclination to exchange the delight and ſatisfaction which their daily employments and ſociety afforded, for entertainments which they knew to be vain and fatiguing; beſides that they would have interrupted their ſerious engagements.

Lord

Lord Glendarran was ſtill alive; fixed and unmoved, amidſt contending nations! His employments were exactly the ſame as before, and his importance to the ſtate juſt as great as ever.

He paid his children an annual viſit, aſſured them of the impoſſibility of lengthening it; gave them his bleſſing, and ſet off in ſtate: ſuch was his intercourſe with his family for ſeveral years, till the fatal day (which, alas! was ſoon after Phœbe's wedding) when intelligence was received at Glendarran that his Lordſhip was dangerouſly ill at his houſe in town. Several phyſicians were called in; notwithſtanding which, Lord Glendarran died a few days after his ſon arrived.

Amongſt

Amongſt his Lordſhip's papers was found a very elegant deſign for a monument, which he directed for himſelf; together with the following epitaph, written with his own hand:

Here lieth
The Right Honourable
JOHN EARL OF GLENDARRAN,
Knight of the moſt noble order of
The Garter:
B. A. L. L. B.
One of his Majeſty's moſt honourable
Privy Council.

Deſcended from,
And allied to,
An illuſtrious family,
His honours were achieved by
His own merits!

His life was devoted to his country,
And
His abilities to its ſervice.

N. B. I leave it to poſterity to ſay the reſt.

Cer-

Certain however it is, that, though his ſon immediately erected the monument according to his father's deſire, he did not ſay half ſo much as was already written.

This event produced ſome neceſſary alteration in the plans of the Glendarran family; though ſtill reſolved only to ſee London when abſolute duties required.

In a reſidence among their dependents, they imagined they could be moſt uſeful to the ſtate, by enriching their vicinity, and ſetting an example of regularity, peace, and contentment.

In their own improvement, in the education of their children, and in ſtudying to promote the welfare of all around them, they found conſtant as well

well as pleaſing employment; and were firmly convinced that the pureſt earthly bliſs conſiſts in the conſciouſneſs of an active performance of ſocial duties, and a diligent cultivation of domeſtic happineſs.

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